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The UNITARIAN

Volume XI. MAY, 1896 Number 5

DO UNITARIANS PREACH CHRIST?

BY REV. GEORGE H. BADGER.

"But we preach Christ."—1 Cor. i. 23.

Every once in a while I hear it said by some of our friends who do not regularly worship with us, and yet who visit us occasionally, and are always welcome, that the things they hear in our Unitarian churches please them very well. It all sounds very sensible and wholesome and cheery. It is all good so far as it goes, only there is something left out. And that something left out they think is very vital,—indeed, makes virtual pagans of us.

Now, I am bound to confess that, so far as my own experience goes, I have noticed that it is those friends whose visits are the least frequent who are most impressed by the sense of "something left out," and that, singularly enough, the realization of the "something left out" on the part of those who do visit us has come not so much from spontaneous discovery as from the warning suggestions of other friends who do not come at all, and who therefore are peculiarly fitted to give wholly unbiassed opinions as to the quality of the religion that we preach.

And this "something that we leave out" is explicitly and frankly stated: "You leave Christ out. You do not preach salvation through the blessed Redeemer." Here is the accusation, plain and simple. We do not preach "Christ" in our church, and so our gospel is not a saving gospel.

Now, I do not deny, I do not admit, the validity of this accusation. I simply ask you to think the matter over with me a little while, and see what it really involves. What do our friends mean by Christ? Jesus of Nazareth? I venture to say that the words of Jesus of Nazareth, the story of his beautiful life, the story of his heroic death, are as often read and as often interpreted in our liberal church as in any church in the land. I venture to say that words as reverent, as appreciative, as glorifying, of the memory of Jesus are spoken here as elsewhere, though perhaps the dialect of dogma may be different. I venture to say that the spirit of his pure, manly, sweet, exalted life is as often sought after and as often realized in the lives of those who worship in liberal churches as in those who worship elsewhere. I only venture these opinions as opinions. I do not absolutely know. But, if anybody does know better than I about these things and has contradictory assurances to make regarding them, I simply say that something more than mere assertions, something more than insinuation, is necessary to convince fair-minded folk that his knowledge is knowledge, and not prejudiced imagination or wilful misrepresentation. But, for myself, I am confident that, if preaching Christ means preaching Jesus of Nazareth, and the ideal of his manhood and the spirit of his life and the simple faith of religion which he preached himself to the common people of Judea, then the Unitarian Church will not stand last among those who are preaching, or trying to preach, Christ.

"But this is not all that 'preaching Christ' means," our friends tell us. "You do not preach Christ as God and as the world's Saviour."

Well, let us think about this. What do our friends mean by preaching Christ as God? If I should say that they considered Christ as a fraction of Deity, a differential segment of Godhood, they might resent the phrase,—and not without reason. And yet Christ must be the whole of God, or else a part of God, or else a specific attribute or mode of the whole of God. I know I am getting down to that mystery part of a dogma which people believe mainly because they cannot explain it.

I do not want to make light of this faith or involve our friends in needless complications of metaphysics. Only I wish some of these critics of ours would some time take the trouble to think this matter over in a simple and direct way, with their own souls. What do they mean by the Christhood of God, thought of not as a mystic dogma, but in the plain, vital faith of their own hearts' living?

I know they mean something real by it, and something sweet and inspiring. And I am going to try to put into simple words part what I think they would say if they were here to speak this thing out for us from their own souls. I think they would speak somewhat like this: —

"We cannot, any of us, know all that God is. We cannot, any of us, comprehend the mystery of his eternity and being; and we accept the symbol of the Trinity because Revelation seems to teach us that. We believe that God is Father, and we can understand that; we believe that God is Christ, and we can understand that; and we believe that God is Holy Spirit, and we can understand that. And how the Father can be manifest in Christ, and how the Father can be the Holy Spirit, coming to our own souls to quicken and inspire us, we can understand in that form, though we may not understand how three Persons can be one Person. And we know that we can think of God sometimes as stern and righteous Law-giver, sometimes as tender and loving Friend, and sometimes as mysterious presence of Spirit within us; and the one thought may not exclude the other.

"And this is our thought of the Christhood of God: it is God in close and immediate relation with us; God all love and mercy; God as constant friend; God working in our own hearts and in the mystery of being outside of us, to save us and redeem us from evil and to rid us from our heritage of sin; God who has something humane about him that can sympathize with and understand us, and so help us. This is our thought of Christ and our faith in Christ, and it is this that we would not lose out of our religion."

Henry Ward Beecher was once asked by a friend whether Unitarians believed in Christ; and he answered that he could not tell what all Unitarians believed, that he had noticed that a good many of the Unitarians whom he had known seemed to believe in Christ without knowing it, for they always called him "Father." I suppose we might turn the phrase upon the good Congregationalist by saying that a good many people of evangelical faith believe about God precisely what we believe, only they prefer sometimes to call him God, and sometimes Christ, while "Our Father" seems to us a name large enough to comprehend it all.

We do not assume to understand the mystery of Godhood any more than our brothers; we only can think of him in terms which relate him to humanity. But the thought of God which we dwell upon most fondly in our liberal churches, and which makes him most meaningful to us, is it not just that thought of a loving God and a sympathizing God,—a God with a certain humanness about him; a God working in our own hearts and in the mysteries of the infinite which are outside of us, to save us, and rid us of our sins? And is this very different from the "Christ" which our friends worship, and have preached about? They say their Christ is not different from God, but is God. We say our God which I have just expressed is Father-God. Is the difference, then, between us merely one of phrases, our friends saying Christ is God and we saying Father-God is God?

No: there is a difference still remaining, which is not a difference of phrases. There is difference in our conception of the nexus which links this present thought of a loving, friendly God of the immediate with that

individual manhood lived nineteen centuries ago in Palestine. But what then? Our friends believe, as we believe, that in those days that manhood lived among men as a mighty influence of good and inspiration; was superbly pure, righteous, true; was wonderfully identified with an ideal of self-sacrifice and devotion to humanity which has been the salvation of the world.

We find little difference of vital import in our practical estimate of what that life was then in its humanity. We have little practical differences in our conceptions of what the love and the sympathy and the humanness of God, which they call Christ and we call Father-God, are in the present. Is the historical question of what mystery of relationship linked that past with this present an issue of vital faith, that churches should split upon it, if that be all the distinction? The same Jesus in Nazareth; the same Christ-God in heaven, only differently named; and yet a something of eternal salvation left out, because historical sense of continuity gets tangled when finite mind strives to bring things of eternity into the confines of time, or loses a gasped breath of attention when infinity is supposed to be imprisoned in a shred of the finite?

No: we have not got through with all our differences yet. Something still remains, and it is vital. The difference is this: Although our friends and we have substantially the same thought about that manhood that lived in Palestine, so far as a human career is concerned, and although we have substantially the same thought about the loving and sympathetic and humanly friend-like mode of Deity (so far as we are both intelligent in our usage of such adjectives as related to Deity) which they call Christ and we call Father-God, we disagree vitally and radically in our conception of the method of the Christ-love and Christ-salvation.

Although our friends believe that that God of love and sympathy and saving compassion which they call Christ is the very God, they have a system of dogma which involves the conception of a certain fringe of Deity, may I say, reverently,—a certain remnant of Godhood not covered by their thought of Christ which is un-Christ-like; a thought of Deity which is not through and through love and sympathy, but Deity hard and exacting; a God needing propitiation; a God demanding a sacrifice in blood for the salvation of sinners; a God whose law of recompense is practically that of the old Hebrew code, a blow for a blow. Because somewhere in time a man Adam had been disobedient, and involved all his children in an inheritance of sin, therefore somewhere else in time a victim must bleed upon a cross for a satisfaction to the Eternal—a soul must infinitely suffer in anguish, a debt must be paid, a ransom given for the sins of the world—before this part of Deity which is not Christ can be satisfied,—can love and forgive and save his children.

Here is the vital difference. So far as it goes, our friends' thought of deified love and sympathy and saving compassion, which they call Christ, is the same as the thought of deified love and sympathy and saving compassion which we call Father-God. But we go further than they. We make that essential Christhood of God eternal and infinite, so that there cannot be a shred of Deity, there cannot be a mode of Godhood, which is not through and through love and beneficence and eternal sympathy. In the sense in which they use the term to-day, we preach nothing but Christ; Christ eternal, Christ absolute; Christ with no Deity left over which is not Christ; Christ with all that was divinest and truest and holiest and sweetest in that like manifestation of good which lived in Nazareth, if you please, made dominant to the last shred of infinite being; Christ needing not to be mediator, needing not to be ransom, because there is no God else than he to be propitiated or mediated with. All Godhood Christhood; only in our simpler dialect, because there is only one thought, there need be only one name,—and that name is God; ay, Father-God, than whom is no God else!

Ah! to the bottom of my soul I believe that it is not we, but our friends, who are listening to a gospel from which "something is left out"; a gospel which leaves out the faith in the eternity and infinity of love in God. The Gospel which maintains that at any moment of time for any soul of man God's love is not the same love, is not the same mercy and salvation, as it is for any other soul at every other moment of time,—

a Gospel which teaches that there are modes of Godhood which are not permeated through and through with perfect love, that there are, or may be, shreds of Deity that cannot forgive without a price, can be reconciled only by sacrifice of blood, either though the price be paid by other fractions of Deity, and the blood pour from veins which incarnate God in differentiated mode, —that gospel is leaving out the thing which to me is the central and absolute thing in all pure religion, the faith that Deity is consistent through and through in an eternity of beneficence that has no outlying skirts of unlovingness in all the infiniteness of his Godhood. Ay, calling that Christ which our friends call Christ, I believe that we in our liberal churches are preaching more Christhood, a larger and diviner Christhood, —are preaching it more persistently, are preaching more consistently, because in the measure of our larger gospel we can believe it more earnestly and gladly and heartily than other Christian bodies who need the name of Christ at all, simply because of something left out of their faith in the larger reality of the One Eternal God, whose name is perfect love.

RESURRECTIO CARNIS.

"My flesh also shall rest in hope."

O living flesh I call my own,
  My portion brief of earth and air,
Men bring thee bread from every zone,
  And fetch from far thy substance rare.

The dew of morning fills thy veins,
  The cool, salt sea within thee flows,
The sunbeam's throb thy heart sustains,
  Thy blush is fellow to the rose.

Thou hast no commerce with decay,
  Thine elements are star-fed fires,
Each frail breath of thy mortal day
  From boundless life its life respires.

O living flesh, what wilt thou be
  When my brief tenancy is done?
Still shalt thou not in earth or sea
  Take golden tribute of the sun?

So kindred to what will not die,
  Dear flesh! I scorn thy doubts and fears.
Thy mortal portents pass me by,
  And melt in God's eternal years.

Theodore C. Williams.

A YOUNG SOLDIER-HISTORIAN OF ITALY: EMILIO DANDOLO.

II.

"Protection for the Roman people against strangers and anarchists, the establishment of a government in unison with justice, and the views of the nation, such were the vague promises with which the French army approached the ancient capital of the civilized world. . . . Every sincere and earnest-minded person who, like us, had entered Rome a prey to fatal presentiments, would, on the morning of the 30th, have been fully convinced that Rome was absolutely opposed to any foreign intervention." *Dandolo's Italian Volunteers*, p. 200.

On this occasion of the first battle the Lombard Rifles were drawn up in the square of St. Peter's, among the reserves, while Garibaldi, issuing forth with his legion, after several hours of hard fighting, forced the French "Lions of Africa" to retreat before his "Tigers of Montevideo." He declared that he could easily have driven them into the sea, had he not been restrained by the scruples of Mazzini, who, misled by his republican idealism, could not bear, as he said, to make a mortal enemy of the French republic, so that the intended attack of the next morning was prevented by an order to return to Rome.

An armistice being concluded, Garibaldi, May 4, started to meet a Neapolitan army of some twenty thousand, which had invaded the Roman territory, led by King Bomba in person. The Rifle Brigade accompanied him. Dandolo gives a vivid sketch of the strange conduct and appearance of the Garibaldians, their wild ways, devotion to their general, bravery, and utter lack of discipline. The latter, indeed, had so infected the Lombards that, when they had only reached Tivoli, the officers assembled, and informed Manara that, "if the battalion was not removed from contact with the free corps, and attached to regular troops, they should give in their resignation *en masse*, as they were fitted to command soldiers, and not to lead undisciplined mobs." Emilio Dandolo was sent back to Rome, to confer with the minister of war. The affair, however, settled down. The Lombards, afraid of losing their officers, grew more docile. At Palestrina they sought admission to their appointed quarters, an Augustinian monastery, at midnight, in a drenching rain. The monks, naturally, disliked such guests, and refused to open. After beating at the gates

for more than an hour, they were forced to break in, and stretch themselves out to sleep on the pavement of the cloisters. When, after routing the Neapolitans, they again sought shelter in the convent, it was deserted.

Again the gates had to be forced open. Dandolo, while deploring the bad example of the *Garibaldini*, now but too apparent in his own corps, cannot refrain from a certain quiet humor as he describes the scene: "We had barely time to station sentries before the chapel, the cellar, and the library: every other part and place was turned upside down. . . . Our men rushed backwards and forwards, rejoicing in the confusion and uproar, and in having been able for once to make the monks pay for it. They might be seen emerging from the different cells, one fellow wearing a large Dominican hat; another with a long white tunic over his uniform, while a third stalked along, draped in a cope. All of them made their appearance, at the calling of the roll, with thick lighted wax tapers in their hands; and the monastery, that night at least, was splendidly illuminated. Even the epistolary correspondence of the poor *frati* was not respected; and the triumphant soldiers brought us not a few letters, and some memorials, which would have brought many a blush to the cheeks of the chaste founders of the convent."

Returning soon to Rome, in great need of rest, having been constantly occupied since their landing, they were kept mounting guard for some days, and then despatched with Garibaldi on his second and equally successful expedition against the Neapolitans. Devout Catholic though he was, Dandolo seems to smile when he relates how the fine-looking, well-dressed, but very badly armed Neapolitan prisoners had their knapsacks "filled with pictures of saints and madonnas, relics and amulets, which were also hung round their necks and stuffed into their pockets"; while, "to prove the enthusiasm they had for the cause they had been called to defend, it is enough to say that their watchword was *Managgia Pio Nono!*" (A plague take Pius IX.!) *

Scarcely able to stand from the incessant hardships and fatigues they had daily undergone since their arrival, they re-entered Rome on the evening of June 1st, cheered by an enthusiastic people, and rejoiced by the news of the agreement signed by the triumvirate with De Lesseps, which "permitted a definitive suspension of hostilities, leaving to the French government the option of resuming the war after fifteen days' notice, or of concluding peace." This convention Gen. Oudinot refused to ratify, and the siege of Rome was the result.

It seems, beyond doubt, that the French (who, when themselves defeated, are so ready to exclaim, *Nous sommes trahis!*) were guilty of breach of faith, first by attacking the Roman outposts at Villa Pamfili, outside the Porta San Pancrazio, just after midnight on Sunday, June 3rd, when Oudinot had expressly stated he should postpone the attack on the place until Monday morning; and, secondly by answering *Viva l' Italia!* to the Roman sentries whom they approached in the darkness, and who, believing them to be friends, allowed them to come near enough to seize the outworks ere they were discovered. Dandolo describes the wild excitement in the city, the fierce impatience with which his troops, animated as ever by Manara's inspiriting presence, awaited orders for two hours, then marched at double-quick through a great part of Rome toward the distant gate of San Pancrazio.

Taken and retaken thrice over, but remaining in the hands of the enemy, the strong position of the Villa Corsini (called likewise the Casa dei Quattro Venti—House of the Four Winds—from its position, standing high, in a large garden) was, as Garibaldi says, the scene of a bloodshed unequalled even by his fiercest battles in South America. Dandolo declares that on this occasion Garibaldi "showed himself to be as incapable of being general of a division as he had proved himself to be an able and efficient leader in the skirmishes and marches against the Neapolitans." He was guilty of the grave error of throwing away his men—one or two companies at a time—in vain sallies, when, by massing them together in a strong column, the villas they took for a moment, but could not keep, might have been permanently won. The Italian loss

* The pope had fled (disguised, not returning until July, 1850, though the French had held a solemn Te Deum in thanks for his reinstatement to power, in St. Peter's, soon after entering.

was terrible. Among them, early in the day, was the young Captain Enrico Dandolo.

"A short time after our arrival at the gate, my brother and I were seated near each other, sharing a piece of bread, when he received an order to go out with his company. He started up with a bound, squeezed my hand, and, drawing his sword, was in an instant at the head of his men. After passing through the barrier, they turned to the left by a narrow path across some vineyards, and, without losing time even to fire a shot, marched in good order up to the flat terrace surrounding the Villa Corsini. The shower of balls fell thicker every moment. At each step the company was lessened by those who were struck down; while the remainder, silently closing their ranks, continued the unequal combat, encouraged by my brother, who, foremost of all, by his impassioned words and magnanimous example showed at what value life should be held when exposed to danger in a noble cause. All of a sudden a French company emerged from one side of the villa, headed by an officer who made friendly signals with his sword, and, when he had advanced a little nearer, called out in Italian, *Siamo amici*, 'We are friends.' My brother ordered his men, who had opened a vigorous fire at sight of the enemy, to cease firing. All of us had then such faith in the honor and kindly feeling of the French army that it was at once believed that this officer preferred coming over to us to turning his arms against us. When, however, he had got within thirty paces, he halted for a moment, and a tremendous discharge laid a third of our company on the ground. My brother was shot through the chest. . . . The survivors drew back, terror-stricken. Morosini alone remained near his dying friend, serving as a mark for the bullets of the enemy, which, however, passed him without injury." . . .

Emilio waited in an agony of suspense, dreading to see Enrico among the wounded who were borne along. One of them began, "Your brother"— then checked himself. Another, being questioned, said that the captain of No. 2 company had just been mortally wounded. Desperate, yet unable to leave his own men, Emilio paced up and down, convulsively gnawing the barrel of a pistol in his struggles to keep back his tears, thinking how Enrico might then be dying, within a few steps of him, relieved when Garibaldi came, asking for "twenty men and an officer for a desperate undertaking." Hastily volunteering, careless as to what became of himself, he was yet astounded at finding this order to be nothing less than an attempt to take Villa Corsini at the point of the bayonet. Wondering at the mad imprudence of this, he vainly sought to find Manara, and get re-enforcements. Then with his little band he hurried up the long avenue leading to the villa, under heavy fire. When he gained the vestibule, he looked round, and saw only twelve men remaining, "intrepid, silent, ready for any effort. . . . What could twelve men do against a palace occupied by several hundreds of the enemy?" To take the villa was impossible. To linger meant useless slaughter. He had to give the signal to fire and retreat. They went back, having accomplished absolutely nothing. On the way he was struck in the thigh, and they reached their post reduced to six men. Carried to an ambulance, he was still unable to hear anything of Enrico, save that he was wounded. Emilio sent in search, waited long. At last, leaning upon a stick and painfully dragging his wounded limb, he went himself.

For two hours he vainly sought him among the wounded and the dead. He entered the house where Enrico's body was lying; but a friend, afraid to witness his grief, flung a cloak over it. He could scarcely stand. No one could bear to tell him the truth. Manara, at last, was persuaded to call him, while all the rest withdrew from the room. "'Do not seek your brother any more,' said my poor friend, wringing my hand: 'it is now too late. I will be a brother to you.' I dropped with my face to the earth, weakened by my wounds and by grief." For the next three weeks he was laid up with his wound, from time to time, however, leaving his bed at any especial alarm, in order to station himself at the gate.

Meanwhile the siege dragged along, the French, with their cannon, by degrees gaining the advantage. Garibaldi changed his tactics, having, as he said, learned something from the disasters of the 3d of June. The *sorties* undertaken by the Romans did

not avail them much, and there can be little doubt that the heroic but useless defence of Rome was kept up too long. Garibaldi had his headquarters at Casa Savorelli, within easy reach of the French balls, a shower of which were constantly falling round him, without doing him the least injury. The meals sent to him from a restaurant often failed to arrive because the servants, scared by the sight of the dead bodies they had to encounter on their way, would set down the case of victuals, and decamp, leaving the dinner to be consumed by the next passer-by. When a bomb came crashing down into the city, often it would be greeted by a derisive shout of "A blessing from the pope!" Shells were falling into private houses, killing many persons, and sometimes damaging priceless works of art in the palaces. The Assembly was permanently in session at the Capitol; and Garibaldi, in his Memoirs, declares that the conduct of the Roman people was worthy of all praise.*

June 27th had been a day of dreadful loss, almost rivalling that of the fatal 3d. A reserve corps was formed of the wounded just able to crawl about. On the evening of the 29th the last Roman cannon was dismounted. The French artillery roared away throughout the night, black and stormy with thunder and lightning. It was the festival of Saint Peter, when Rome was always illuminated. To-night the city was all ablaze to the cupola of the Vatican. Garibaldi describes the sublime and appalling spectacle of this illuminated city, beneath the canopy of storm-clouds, broken by the streaks of lightning and the unceasing flash of the guns. At midnight the sky grew clear. Cannon and thunder were for a while at rest. Silently the French crept toward the last breach. An alarm was sounded. The Romans rushed toward the Porta San Pancrazio. Garibaldi dashed forward, waving his sword and singing a patriotic hymn. He says that at this moment, despairing of the cause, he had only one wish,—to be killed. And killed he certainly would have been but for an order, early in the morning of June 30th, to repair to the Assembly. He reached the Capitol, covered with blood, his bent sword unable to go into its sheath. For two hours, as he says, he had been striking, without receiving a single wound. The members all rose, applauding, and telling him to mount the tribune. After some warm discussion it was agreed that the defence of the city could not be prolonged.

Dandolo gives a mournful picture of this last night and morning of the hopeless strife. The gunners had all been killed at their posts. The riflemen took their stations in the trenches "in silent discouragement." All knew that it was useless, yet they still fought on. Manara, undaunted as ever, animating all by word and gesture, had, with his remnant of the Lombards, barricaded himself in the Villa Spada, keeping up the firing through the windows. In the fierce struggle in the trenches, during the dark, stormy hours, young Emilio Morosini had been wounded and taken prisoner. Dandolo, when he last saw him, had bidden him farewell, imploring him to try to preserve a life so precious to his friends and his widowed mother. Scarcely eighteen, so lovable and beautiful that his adoring comrades called him their guardian angel, because he seemed to have retained the freshness and innocence of childhood, he was the darling of the troop, who felt sore anxiety as to his fate. Manara, as yet unhurt, cried playfully when a ball, rebounding, wounded Dandolo in his right arm: "Are you always the one to be hit? Am I to take nothing from Rome?" He took off his sword-belt, and, approaching a window, began to scan the enemy through a field-glass. A shot was heard. A ball, passing between two sacks of earth, struck him in the spot which would otherwise have been protected by the clasp of his belt. "I am a dead man!" he cried, staggering, supported by Dandolo. "I recommend my children to you." Entreating his friend not to leave him, he was placed on a litter, and carried, under heavy fire, across the open fields to an ambulance established in the church of Santa Maria della Scala. He desired that the Milanese surgeon, Bertani, should be sent for, and begged the other surgeons to let him die in

* Dandolo, while of the opinion that the Romans accepted rather than desired a republic, because anything seemed better than priestly rule, bears witness to the great heroism with which perils and hardships were endured, and the strong sympathy and kindness shown to the wounded. He says that, when the cry was heard in the streets, "A little linen for the poor wounded!" windows would be opened, and quantities of the best linen, even whole sheets of the finest quality, eagerly thrown down, to be gathered up and taken to the hospitals.

peace, without moving him. A Capuchin monk was near, who gave him the last sacraments, after which he again spoke to Dandolo about his three infant sons. "Bring them up," he said, "in the love of God and of their country."

Bertani says that, as he went up the steps of this church, the incessant firing struck down another surgeon, and an officer by his side. The place was strewn with fallen shot and shell. Within, near the chancel-rail, among a crowd of the wounded, and encircled by his friends, lay Manara. He stretched out his hand to Bertani, feebly asking whether his hurt was mortal. To Dandolo, overcome with grief, he said: "Does it indeed pain you so much that I must die? . . . It grieves me also." . . . Not more than twenty-five, with everything to live for, handsome, rich, talented, beloved and honored by all, Luciano Manara, the Lombard Lion, lay dead in the church; while Dandolo, in his own abandonment of grief, sought consolation by thinking that Morosini, at least, was in safety.

Early on Sunday, July 1, an escaped soldier told him that Morosini, when taken prisoner, had been dangerously wounded. Dandolo, himself suffering greatly from his wounded arm, hastened to the triumvirate, the ministry, and the town hall, seeking a permit to go out of the city. After three hours of weary effort, he obtained it, and hurried off to the French camp, without any safe conduct. Arrested at the outposts, he contrived to enlist the sympathies of an officer, who permitted him to enter one of the camp hospitals, and question a surgeon. Morosini had peacefully expired that morning. Stunned by this fresh blow, he had to linger among a crowd of strangers, who, as he says, stared at him with a sort of hostile curiosity. He asked for Morosini's body, in order to have it sent to his family (he was an only son), but was told it had already been taken to a place of burial. At his urgent request the surgeon sent to countermand the interment. While waiting, Dandolo was forced to conceal his own anguish, and to discuss politics with the French officers, who displayed great ignorance regarding the real situation. He was at last seen by a superior officer, who instantly ordered him back to Rome. He wrote to the French authorities for permission to go and recover Morosini's body, and received the order on the morning of the 2d. He tells how, on his way, he joined Manara's funeral procession, and accompanied it to the church of San Lorenzo in Lucina, where solemn services were held, and an oration spoken by the chaplain, Ugo Bassi.

"It was a sight which struck me to the very heart. The two battalions of nine hundred men, now reduced to four hundred, marched in front, without officers, sad, spiritless, and haggard. I saw passing before me ten or twelve soldiers, the last remnant of my brother's company, without a captain, without even a lieutenant. All my friends had died in the hospitals or were prisoners. A Roman military band followed the soldiers; then the bier, covered with a blood-stained tunic; then a hundred wounded soldiers, who had dragged themselves painfully from their beds to pay a last tribute of respect to their poor colonel. . . . It was one of those scenes which leave their impression on a whole life, and cannot be recalled without a thrill of horror. Not yet recovered from this shock, I had to return to the camp. At the outposts they bandaged my eyes, and then made me walk under the scorching rays of the sun for upwards of two hours. When they stopped, I opened my eyes on a newly made grave. Morosini was already buried. I had to be present at the exhumation, to follow with my eye each stroke of the spade which seemed to re-echo on my heart, and then to see that angelic countenance, begrimed with blood and earth, lifted out of the grave, and carried before me on a bier into the city. Oh, this was the last, the most tremendous refinement of suffering to which I had been reserved. In enduring this, I seemed to have fulfilled my task to the uttermost; and, in the delirium of anguish, cursing my very existence, I asked what remained for me to do here below!"

On the afternoon of July 3d the French troops (always outnumbering the Italians) took possession of the now silent and death-like city. The next day the Lombard Rifle Brigade was disbanded. Many poor privates were glad to enlist in regiments bound for Algiers, to avoid starvation or going back to the Austrians. Of all the numberless sad hearts who, in that fatal July of

1849, left Rome, feeling as if hope and life lay buried behind the great dome of St. Peter's, as it sank below the horizon, it is likely that none was more sad than Emilio Dandolo's. Refused permission to land at Genoa, he went on to Marseilles, then made his way home. His book, which could not have been published at Milan, under Austrian rule, came out at Turin within a year, and must therefore have been composed immediately after the downfall of the Italian cause. It is said to have won warm approval from his countrymen. Artless, modest, manly, and full of an intelligent simplicity which lends it an unfailing charm, it is a work which the liberated Italy of to-day should not allow to be forgotten.*

He did not live to witness that liberation, nor to fulfil Manara's last request concerning his sons. After some years, partly passed in foreign travel, Emilio Dandolo, worn out by the griefs and hardships he had undergone, died of consumption at Milan, in 1859.† His fellow-citizens, still under the hated rule of *lo straniero*, seized upon the occasion of his funeral for holding one of those quiet, orderly, unoffending, yet unmistakable demonstrations of patriotic feeling with which the Italians of that time were wont to give vent to their repressed bitterness. It seems doubly sad that he, who had so dared and suffered, should not have lived a few years longer, to have seen the triumphs of Magenta and Solferino, the emancipation of Lombardy, Naples, Venice, and, most of all, of Rome.

It was but a few years after Rome had in truth become the capital of a united Italy that we wandered out across the Janiculum and through the Porta San Pancrazio. There, near the spot where the brothers Dandolo had hurriedly taken their last farewell, we saw King Victor Emanuel's soldiers upon duty. The shattered gate had been restored; and out beyond it, in the brilliant February sunshine, stood the Villa Corsini,— the "House of the Four Winds,"— with its spacious garden, once the scene of such vain and bloody strife. The soldiers whom we questioned said that the villa might be seen by strangers; and we mounted to the roof, where, according to the housekeeper, on yet more dazzling days than this the pale blue line of the Mediterranean should be visible against the sky. We could not catch it; but we saw even better than from the summit of the Janiculum the entire, incomparable panorama of Rome.

In an upper room we were shown rusty fragments of French bombs that had fallen. Down below, in the garden,— full of that especial charm which seems to belong to Italian gardens, with their shrubberies, their clusters of heavy aloes in huge vases, lifting up long, dark, spiked leaves into the dazzling air, their terraces and statues,— we were given some winter-blooming flowers that, dried and faded from their first rich yellow and purple, now lie before us. *Amaranti e giglietti* they were called (amaranths and little lilies). They had sprung from the earth of that fierce, lost battle of

*It is not surprising that Dandolo, fair-minded and candid though he is, fails to do justice to Mazzini. His heart aching for his only brother, and the friends whom he viewed as the victims of a mistaken policy (since the defence was certainly kept up too long), he could not judge dispassionately of the real merits of the great republican, whose advanced theism, moreover, was to an orthodox Catholic as repugnant as his politics.

†"Pierer's Conversations-Lexicon" states that he died Feb. 20, 1859, and was born at Varese (near Como, where many of, the wealthy Milanese possess villas) in 1831. A French authority says he was born at Milan in 1830. In either case, he cannot have been more than nineteen at the time of the siege of Rome, and may have been under eighteen, or even less, when, during the Five Days of Milan, he began his brief soldier's career that, after opening with transient success, was destined to be a series of hardships, failures, and disappointments, ending in the deaths of those he loved and the defeat of their cause. In 1850-51 he travelled in Greece, the Ionian Isles, Egypt, the Soudan, Syria, and Palestine. He published a narrative of these wanderings in 1854. When the Crimean War broke out, he sought and obtained a command in the Sardinian army, but was compelled to resign it in a few days by order of the Austrian government, which is said to have threatened to sequestrate the property of his family, if he refused to obey. His father, Count Tullio Dandolo (1801–1870), was the author of many works on literary and historical subjects; and his grandfather, Vincenzo Dandolo (born at Venice, 1758–1819), after becoming celebrated as a scientist, agriculturist, writer, and politician, quitted Venetia upon its being given to Austria, and settled in Milan. He was afterward appointed governor of Dalmatia by the first Napoleon, accepting this arduous post with reluctance, but accomplishing many reforms and great good. It seems sad that, with the premature deaths of Enrico and Emilio, this Milanese branch of the fine old Venetian race should have died out. All that we know of Emilio conveys the impression of a noble and interesting personality. A biography of him was published at Turin many years ago.

the 3d of June. Dandolo on his title-page quotes some lines from Ugo Foscolo, saying that no flower springs above the dead that is not honored by kindly praise and loving tears. Such tears and such praise seemed to belong to these relics from the Villa Corsini, almost on the spot where Enrico Dandolo had fallen and Emilio wildly sought for his missing brother,—so near, too, to the scene of Manara's and Morosini's last struggles. Glancing out again across the sunny sweep of Rome, it seemed easy to understand how the sons of Italy were ready to die for her; and—even while looking far forward to the time when war shall be abolished—the most ardent apostle of peace could scarcely repress a thrill of envy for the faith which made such martyrs, or deny the reward of loving sympathy that is sought for those three to whose memory the little book is dedicated, who suffered and fell for Rome, and that seems most of all the due of him who, surviving them and the lost battles, had suffered more than they,—Emilio Dandolo.

URSULA TANNENFORST.

Philadelphia.

THE SISTERS.

Happiness met Duty
One joyous day in spring,
When leaves and grass were stirring
And birds were on the wing;

And Happiness said gayly,
"Oh, come and dance with me
Across the hills' blue hollows
And o'er the misty sea."

But Duty looked straightforward
With stern, unflinching eyes:
"Here, in the dull, brown furrows,
My work till harvest lies."

Then Happiness, still smiling,
Laid warm and loving hands
In Duty's clasp, and whispered:
"I've searched through many lands,

"In all the wide world, Duty:
There's none I love like you,
And we will walk together
Through fields of morning dew.

"And when your step shall falter,
That once was strong and fleet,
I'll bind my wingéd sandals
Upon your weary feet.

"Even in Death's dark shadow,
When all that live despair,
You will not look to see me;
But I shall still be there!"

So through the world together,
Like sisters clasping hands,
Walk Happiness and Duty
To do our Lord's commands.

EDITH CALLENDER

EMERSON'S INTERPRETATION OF NATURE.*

BY MRS. A. G. JENNINGS.

In considering the essay subject for to-day I shall confine myself to some thoughts embodied in Emerson's treatise upon "Nature," his first published work, and which contains the vital kernel of his subsequent writings. And I shall present in as clear and condensed statement as I am able some of the truths therein set forth, with the assurance that the quotations which pave it through and through will more than compensate for any deficiency of treatment. But, first, I would say a word about the work, to substantiate its necessity for being and appearing at the time it did. For it is almost pure idealism that this little book of less than a hundred pages aims to teach (as Dr. Holmes has said in his biography of Emerson); and it met with unemotional reception at the time of its publication, some fifty years ago, from most of the so-called practical people, who deemed it much in the nature of a rhapsody, as well as contradictory in its language and conclusions.

It was likened to Keats's

"Doubtful tale of fairyland,
Hard for the non-elect to understand."

Nevertheless, here and there it found a reader to whom it carried such a flood of light and truth that it was for them, to borrow its own quotation,

"The golden key
Which opes the palace of Eternity."

It found a response in the heart of Carlyle; for he writes in 1837: "Your little azure-colored 'Nature' gave me great satisfaction. It is the true apocalypse, this, when the open secret is revealed to a man."

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* Read before the Emerson Class of Toledo

We do not marvel now at its general reception (where it was received at all), for the Western intellect was fast driving all soul and poetry out of nature. She was cold, disenchanted, and artificial; and her votaries, groping amid the dry bones of the past, were impervious to the insight and inspiration of the present day. "We are building the sepulchres of our fathers," said Emerson, in his introductory chapter. "Why should not we enjoy an original relation to the universe, as those in the past have done?" Let us ask our *own* questions, trusting the economy of the universe so far as "to believe that; whatever curiosity the order of things has awakened the order of things can satisfy." Is there not in man's own condition a solution for all his inquiries? Wordsworth had sounded the same note of lament, some years before, in the preface to the "Excursion":—

"Paradise and Groves Elysian,
Fortunate Fields like those of old
Sought in the Atlantic main,
Why should they be a history only of departed things,
Or a mere fiction of what never was?"

And, now, what does Emerson suggest as a remedy for this deformity? and how does he interpret man's own condition, in order to solve these problems? Let us examine the subject more specifically, and first as to his definition of nature. "Philosophically considered," he says, "the universe is composed of Nature and Soul. Strictly speaking, therefore, all that is separate from us, all which philosophy distinguishes as the *Not Me*,—that is, both nature and art, all other men, and my own body,—must be ranked under this name 'Nature.'" He then gives the common definitions of nature and art, but uses the term in both its common and philosophical import; for he feels that, in an impression so grand as the world upon a human soul, this distinction dwindles into insignificance, and does not vary the result.

In the next four chapters the uses are designated by which the objects of nature serve man, as Commodity, Beauty, Language, and Discipline.

"Cæsar called his house Rome: you perhaps call yours a cobbler's trade or a scholar's garret. Yet, line for line, your dominion is as great as theirs, though without fine names. Build, therefore, your own world. As fast as you conform your life to the pure idea in your mind, that will unfold its great proportions. As, when the summer comes from the south, the snow-banks melt, and the face of the earth becomes green before it, so shall the advancing spirit create its ornaments along its path, and carry with it the beauty it visits and the song which enchants it. It shall draw beautiful faces, warm hearts, wise discourse, and heroic acts around its way, until evil is no more seen. The kingdom of man over nature, which cometh not with observation, a dominion such as now is beyond his dream of God,—he shall enter without more wonder than the blind man feels who is gradually restored to perfect sight."

Commodity is the ministry of nature to the senses; and, although its benefactions are lower than those which administer more directly to the soul's welfare, they have their legitimate place, and are the only services that *all* men apprehend. Commodity supplies the temporal wants,—food, clothing, and shelter; it discovers the resources of nature, and causes them to become the servants of man; it is the foundation of trade and society, and in it are contained the germs of the moral law. But a higher service is rendered to man by the love of beauty. Many thoughts which are incorporated in the poems and other essays find expression here. As in "Each and All," "Nothing is beautiful alone: nothing but is beautiful in the whole, wherein is perfect harmony." No reason is asked why the soul seeks beauty, as it is a constituent element of the universe. "If eyes were made for seeing, then beauty is its own excuse for being," as we find it in the Rhodora, is here excused for being, because it is the harbinger of inner beauty and interior harmony.

Language is the third indispensable agency for man's self-knowledge, and under three distinct classifications he divides its uses. It is the vehicle of thought in a simple, double, and threefold degree.

First.—Words are signs of natural facts or words used in their literal sense.

Second.—Particular natural facts are the symbols of particular spiritual facts, or the use of words in their figurative sense.

Third.—Nature as a whole being a symbol of spirit.

Nature is an object-lesson in the truths of the soul, and the ulterior and poetic use of natural things is "to give us language for the beings and changes of the inner creation." Not only words, but *things*, are emblematic: every *appearance* in nature corresponds to some state of the mind. Furthermore, these analogies are not subject to chance or caprice, but are constant and universal. Nor are they the dreams of a few inspired men, but every man is an analogist; and, himself the highest object of creation, he comprises all other forms, sympathizes with all lower forms of life, and is a bundle of relationships, capable of understanding all natural objects, and comprehending his own nature by means of these interpretations. Or, in differing phrase, nature is the mirror of the soul. Moreover, the power to interpret outward things is acquired by a life in harmony with nature, and by the exercise of truth and virtue. Then shall the world become an open book, and outward effects will be significant of their hidden life and final cause. Some one says, "Every object rightly seen unlocks a new faculty of the soul." Thus every truth and unconscious idea, defined in an object, becomes a part of the domain of knowledge, a new weapon in the magazine of power." The fourth use of nature, which also includes the preceding uses, is discipline.

"Every property in matter is a school for the understanding." "Nature ever presenting objectively all the realities of the Infinite." By a continual reproduction of annoyances and dilemmas, the common sense is trained, year after year. Property and its filial system of debt and credit perform the same office. Debt is a preceptor whose lessons cannot be foregone, though hard to learn.

Again, the exercise of the will, or the lesson of power, is taught in every event; for Nature is made to serve, and "offers all her kingdom as the raw material to man, which he may mould into what is useful." Nature is especially a lesson in moral truths. "The moral law lies at the centre of nature, and radiates to the circumference." "All things preach to us." He likewise alludes most beautifully to the ministry of our friendships to our education. "Of those friends whom we lack power to put at such a focal distance from us that we cannot mend or even analyze them." "We cannot choose but love them"; and concludes, "When a friend has done for our education by filling our minds with sweet and solid wisdom, it is a sign to us that his office is closing; and he is commonly withdrawn from our sight in a short time."

From the idea of discipline in morals and friendship there is an easy transition to idealism, through the thought of the unity in nature, or the unity in variety, which meets us everywhere. And we thus see, in each part of this admirable essay, what may be called a dialectic, whereby one part merges and grows out of the other, until we reach the sixth chapter, in which he considers Idealism as the view of the world resulting from the foregoing contemplations. And from this standpoint the doubt inevitably suggests itself "whether nature does outwardly exist," or "whether the world is not in the mind rather than spread out in the firmament of space."

Instances are enumerated of the impossibility of relying upon the authenticity of the senses, and of the illusions practised by the organs of sight and hearing, which leads us to the oft-recurring questions: "Shall we then distrust the senses? Is there a higher than natural law?" Not at all; for any distrust in the permanence of law would paralyze our faculties. But we must have a finer sense, and not only bring the eye to see, but *all* the faculties to see. Love is as much a quality of seeing as perception. The higher reason and nobler qualities of the soul are demanded as well as the exclusive use of the understanding. Sympathy and imagination are requisite factors for correct seeing. For it is the soul that sees, and it employs the eyes only as refractors or mirrors of its truths and sublime proportions. In the light of these premises, we discern more clearly the criticism so often made by Emerson regarding the methods employed by the man of science. He does not bring his whole nature to act upon his investigations. Often cold, analytical, devoid of affection, and the finer sentiments of being, his disclosures are dry, mummified, and fossilized. And the opinion of the most eminent scientists will substantiate the assertion that the progressive

astronomer and geologist depend more upon the secret, inviolable force or ether which evades all analysis, and eludes the efforts of the understanding, than upon the direct results of their observations. The sublime reply of the geometrician Euler on his law of arches will illustrate my meaning, "This will be found contrary to all experience, yet is nevertheless true," and reminds us anew that, when we boast so wisely of our knowledge of natural laws, repudiating insight, and ignoring the province of the imagination in the realms of science, we are constantly confessing our short-sightedness and ignorance as to what natural law *is*. Why, natural and spiritual law are one. It makes no difference whether we say all is matter or all is spirit, so long as we recognize the *unity* of law. They are but heart-throbs and pulse-beats of the Infinite.

But, admitting the unreliability of the senses, and the fact of a more permanent and enduring power in mind, of somewhat more stable in man than in outward phenomena, we are led to the realization of "Spirit" as the final cause, the absolute *ens*, whereof nature is the shadow and perpetual effect. Says our essayist, "And of that ineffable essence called Spirit he who knows most will say the least." It will not be recorded in propositions. It cannot be transferred. It is known only by the spirit, which is its own interpreter. "Spirit creates; behind nature and throughout nature, spirit is present; one and not compound; it does not act upon us from without, but spiritually, or through ourselves." We thus arrive at the eighth, final, chapter, in which we take a survey of the whole subject before us, under the head of prospects, which is both retrospective and prospective in its treatment. The half-sights of science, the province of intuition, the law of identity, the relation of man to lower forms, are again referred to; and the essay concludes with some traditions of man and nature, which, the author says, a certain poet sang (commonly supposed to be Alcott's Orphic utterances), which have always been in the world, and reappear to every bard, and may be both history and prophecy. These traditions introduce the doctrine of the lapse or fallen state of mortals from pure spirituality, a lost paradise, which many find it so difficult to reconcile with Emerson's previous evolutionary theories that it has always been a stumbling-block to his admirers and critics as well. But, he says, they may be both history and prophecy, according to the reader's acceptance or preconceived ideas. To the idealist they must be prophetic, and vindications of future attainment rather than the history of a lost condition. The reason for the torpidity and callousness of the soul is not that she has lost powers, but that they are yet in embryo. The lack of unity which we feel is because of our inharmony with our environments. We are savages as yet, having an occasional glimpse of the higher and finer issues of the soul. To the soul then, must we look for our purification.

Nor need we go far for guidance and inspiration. Nature is all around us; and the commonest events and commonest objects, the blades of grass, the flower in the crannied wall, will furnish ample material for study and research. They will also be the means for correcting the fancies of too much subjectivity, and will provide a test for the speculations of the intuitive method. "So shall we come to look at the world with new eyes," and then will come to pass what our poet said: "Every spirit builds itself a house; and beyond its house a world; and beyond its world a heaven. Know, then, that the world exists for you. For *you* is the phenomenon perfect. What we are, that only can we see. All that Adam had, all that Cæsar could, you have and can do. Adam called his house heaven and earth."

THE WOODLAND WILD.

Wild woodland ever in greenest gloom,
Where pine-trees tower and maples loom,
Where day is only a sifting light,
And wayward foxfire haunts the night,—

I find thee lovely, and yet I feel
A sadness o'er my spirit steal:
To me the wind in murmurous moods
Among thy shadows lamenting broods.

It moans the spell of the vanished past,
It sighs the future, that will not last,—
Vague yester morns with their dewy gleams,
And gloaming morrows yet but dreams.

From out each dusk, light-flickered nook
Large-eyed legends mournful look,

As if they pleaded vain memory's grace
For life undying in this dear place.

Amid thy mazes I love to meet
The Indian-pipe in its damp retreat,
The dwarf club-moss, minutely whorled,
And feathery fern-fronds, half unfurled.

But they are speechfully frail to me,
How brief a thing it is to be!
Dew and dust are the leaf and bloom,
And mosses cover their own black tomb.

And in the voice of the whip-poor-will,
Whose sweet pause broken dolors thrill
The hushed, responsive heart of night,
I hear the knelling of lost delight.

The moth's wing brushing the velvet dark,
The fitful firefly's dancing spark,—
All things that suddenly, swiftly, go
Are poignant whispers of joy and woe.

And here's my heart,—thy constant glass,
That like the image it holds must pass:
Oh, will its heavenly waters bear
The earthly features it loves to wear?

Or will it heavingly dim for aye
The pictured face of its mortal day?
Alas! who knoweth? And yet I deem
That mortal beauty is more than dream.

ELIZABETH HILL.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF LIFE.

I know not whether I read "The Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," a book title that lingers in memory; but clear are some of the lights and shadows of my life-book. "Not of your youth," you may demur (it is distant); "or, if you remember lights, there could be no shadows then." Yes, shadows heavy while they lasted. Children are sensitive; their disappointments are unreasonably bitter. Once, after some reflection, I fancy, I asked my father to give me twenty-five cents a week, the sum a schoolmate received. His "No" enraged me, first at having demeaned myself to ask, and then at the denial. Forgotten were the little blue plates carefully filled every day by the dear father for the younger children with meat, cut fine, while his own dinner waited, forgotten all the "little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love,—that best portion of a good man's life." I can see myself pacing a retired chamber, just as men try to relieve anxiety by motion, to the despair of their womankind, who dare not say, "Pray, sit down." What a shadow to a city child is rain, making unattainable the unwonted, intense joy of a May-day festival, with country sights, sounds, and scents! Disappointed of going, life seems to have nothing further to offer.

A radical difference in grown-up people is the way they take the lights and shadows of life. Not many go to breakfast, according to Emerson's advice, with the air of having received good news. A mosquito-bitten face did not demolish his philosophy: a crumpled rose-leaf upsets ours. If my birth-fairy had asked what life-gift I coveted, if I could have spared time from my unusually severe chronic infantile crying, I should have said, "Pluck to withstand petty miseries, to live a day at a time." We bear least well little troubles.

Dear friends, be patient with yourselves, be patient with your life companions, as the shadows thicken and the lights go out. Be like Dr. Sharpe, the sainted Baptist minister, who said as he grew older he felt more tenderly toward his fellow-creatures. We do not allow for what is borne in silence. God and his angels know of the fortitude. We wonder that impatience is not controlled, sighs smothered, a festive air simulated. I think it makes one more patient with one's own trials to reflect on others' keener suffering; and, if this is no good, surely we must not forget the glorious example set by some of our friends in hiding worries and persistent dread that we suspect, but cannot fathom, much less relieve.

Did you ever note how a wise mother never contends with a rebellious child, never hazards the breaking of his will, but gently attracts him into a safer path by some apt diversion of his fancy? Did you ever note how a judicious nurse helps her patient up the hill of difficulties, momentous to the weak brain, by a sprightly suggestion, wrung perhaps from her tired frame and oft-times trembling apprehension? I have known cases of impaired digestion cheated of ennui by a graphic phantom feast of forbidden dainties. I repeat, Be patient with one another, be patient with yourself, emulate the plucky ones of the household who bear in their patient hearts not only their individual, but also the

household cares. What helps them to do this? How do they furnish sunshine for all? Behold their talisman,—confident faith that their heavenly Father permits the discipline, mysterious as it is, and that its end will be growth and peace. Ah! these lovely ones remind us of this beautiful thought, "In many of our neighbors there is much not only of error and lapse, but of a certain exquisite goodness which can never be written or even spoken, only divined by each of us according to the inward instruction of our own privacy." Heed Phillips Brooks's trumpet call to courage. "To live on, even when life seems a failure and the comfort of life is gone, to count patient living the real thing, with or without comfort, as God may please,—that is to be truly brave." Practical wisdom in a nutshell, a worthy life motto.

During my stay at Andover last summer I was asked at breakfast if I heard the birds sing that morning. "No," said I; "but I saw them on their telephone swing, and watched the cows at their lush, congenial meal. Every one to his taste, but I never could understand Nebuchadnezzar's eating grass." "Perhaps," said my right-hand neighbor, "he had returned to his native form, was a cowboy eating pepper-grass." Till my friend explained, I thought he said "hipo-grass," and tried to look wise over a supposed classical word. How ignorance shames us, how we parade our shallow stock of knowledge, how many a white lie we tell by eye or smile! The truly great are not ashamed to say, "I do not know."

Having once, on arrival at a hotel, endured the irresponsive stare of a row of opposite neighbors, I did not forget to bow to a couple of new-comers at our table. How glad I was when the gentle wife the day she left said that they rejoiced they were placed with us. True we do not always entertain angels unawares; but there is always the chance, and this gentle woman needed comfort, for I believe she had parted with her only child. "Polite society is not always polite." England dares speak to a stranger. Democratic America holds aloof. The cordial West has a wholesome contempt for Boston's cold ways. It does not hurt to be polite even if friendliness comes home to roost.

After four visits to Andover I had the coveted pleasure of hearing Prof. Churchill preach. I feared his inimitable comic reading might impair his treatment of sacred themes, but not so. Would we had his *Double* in all our colleges in turn! He is earnest, strong, self-sustained in manner, has a fine, sonorous voice. His prayers were full of "sweetness and light." Ministers too often neglect tunes in their desire to match their hymns with their sermons, which ought to *sing* well, as all is not always made of them that might be in the reading. Prof. Churchill's selection had an inspiring ring. His sermon was on the widow's two mites, and how Jesus stamped the world lesson on his disciples' minds that it is not the amount of a gift, but its being one's all, that makes its intrinsic value. I liked the closing appeal to lay the lesson to heart and practise it at once, now. We crave simple, direct preaching,—a phœnix not always obtained.

But the "sermon factory" sometimes fails, and the sermon dull to hear was more difficult to write. I was told that Mr. John Holmes, witty brother of the Autocrat, displeased with the sermons he heard, felt sure he could do better. He took his text, and made the attempt. So signal was his failure that he decided not to complain again. That is the dose to cure complaint. Would there were more to complain!

At the tea-table in Andover an outsider asked me, "How comes it so rank a heretic as you are received here?" A lady promptly and kindly replied, "Such a heretic is welcome." I ought to have quoted Coleridge's words: "Man may perforce determine what is heresy: God alone knows who is the heretic." But apt quotations are apt to be laggards. The Parliament of Religions cleared our minds of some shadows. We see that God has never left himself without witness in the human heart. The heathen are as much his children as we, though innocently belated in reaching home. I, too, have my heretics. Let me remember that not correct verbal belief, but abiding faith, is the compass to guide our feeble will, our wandering feet out of the shadows into the light.

ELIZABETH P. CHANNING.

That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. —*Wordsworth.*

IN THE ORCHARD.

Out in the orchard daisies and buttercups
Blow to and fro in the warm summer breeze;
Blithely the busy bee hums to the clover;
Gayly the sun glances through the green leaves
Of the trees, whose brown branches are woven together
Closely,—so closely that dark shadows lie
On the far-away ground, though the sun is still shining,
Calm and serene, in the clear summer sky.

Here in the orchard trees sing the glad robins,
Where bright little leaf banners flutter and wave.
Now in full sunshine, again through dim shadow,
Thus intermingles the gay with the grave.
Twilight perchance will endure for a season,
When clouds are cast o'er our life's summer sky.
Darkness will follow, and that with good reason,
As we will own when we clearly see why.

Fall. In the orchard now blossoms have faded,
Spring-time and summer-time both have passed by:
Only faint shadows are cast, from the branches
On the brown, wrinkled grass, where the ripe apples lie.
Golden fruit glistens on old gnarled branches.
Spring-time's good promises autumn fulfills,
Empty the robin's nest rests in the sunlight:
Only the breeze a low melody trills.

Out in the orchard, all through the summer,
Sunshine with tempest had many a fight.
Storm with the darkness at times seemed the stronger,
But victory was won by the brave morning light.
Never so deep is a darkness or danger
But safety and shelter and daylight are near.
Through every shadow a sunbeam is sifting
As lightly it falls from the sky, calm and clear.

MAUD L. COTTON.

Bemis Heights, N.Y.

MINE AND THINE.*

III.

From the Southern States it was officially reported last year that churches were wanted in ten named cities, and that the men were "ready to go." "In each of these nerve centres of their respective States there are people who will pay their share and do their part, if we will begin Unitarian churches there." But we do not begin.

In 1884 Hon. Horace Davis said to Mr. Wendte, "There is not a town of five thousand people on the Pacific slope that will not, with due encouragement and guidance at the outset, support a Unitarian society." But we do not give the due encouragement. We are so reserved with our money that our New England superintendent has learned by pitiful experience that he must make five dollars do in place of ten.

If we think that our teaching is not wanted, we are mistaken; for the exhibit of Unitarians held at the recent San Francisco Midwinter Fair was "visited by over one hundred thousand persons, thirty thousand tracts and papers were distributed, and five thousand names inscribed in the visitors' book for further use in missionary work,"—which last means that five thousand people wanted more of what you and I have always had. It is often said that Unitarians give most liberally to the charitable institutions and projects of any city, whether it be for the deaf and dumb, the blind, the degraded, the little children, for cooking schools, diet kitchens, or hospitals. We *see* this kind of want and distress; but can we not also see by these facts collected by our experts and these letters from all over the Union that the heart hungers as truly as the body, that the blind crave more light, that there are cries from those who are spiritually needy, and that what they want we have, but will not give? I say "will not," because it seems like that; and yet, for the honor of the Unitarian heart, I must believe that we have but to realize the need to respond to it.

In the West there are many descendants of New England who have outgrown the Calvinism which their fathers carried with them; and in many of the towns and smaller cities there are men and women who, when a Unitarian preaches, greet him "with a glad surprise," and "with tears in their eyes say that this religion is the one their souls were longing for." "All over the countryside the people are eager to listen. The opportunity is unlimited. . . . Could we send not only the printed page, but the living voice all through this Western land, . . . we should meet a most heart-stirring response." Do you say that the Unitarian Church has never yet given you what you have longed for? Have you ever asked anything of it?

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* Series of articles appearing in *First Parish Recorder*, Milton, Mass.

Have you ever put out your hand to pick up and read the rich material which it is constantly providing? Have you searched persistently and cared enough about getting what you wanted to take time to find it? These other people have. They know what they want, but they cannot reach the shelves of the Unitarian rooms nor buy what they want.

ALTER EGO.

REVELATION.

Upon lone grave there blooms a rose,
The dust of dust that lies below,
Its pure white heart resplendent shows,—
What sweet surprise from death may grow!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

SYMBOLS:

Can we use them in the Unitarian Church?

BY THOMAS VAN NESS.

Every nation needs national symbols,—a national capital, a national flag, a national hymn or epic which stirs men's minds to the deeds of their ancestors, and links them with the thoughts and beliefs of their forefathers. The Greeks had such in Homer's Iliad, the English people have such in Shakspere's plays, the Germans have such in the Niebelungen Lied. Through Shakspere we are made acquainted with historical kings and half-mythical personages, and an interest is thus ever kept alive in us for a common English past. Shakspere belongs to America and to Australia as well as to Great Britain. We know Hamlet, love Desdemona, as well as do the citizens of London. Therefore we have common acquaintances, and are made one with all English-speaking people.

As with a nation so is it with a religion as embodied in a church. There is need for church symbols that focus in a single emblem or word a great idea. A religious centre is needed, religious hymns or chorals, and some great narrative book or epic poem, such as the Bible, which, when read, shall stir men's minds to the self-sacrificing deeds of the citizens who belong to the commonwealth of God,—the saints, apostles, prophets,—and thus link them with the religious thought of their forefathers.

Theoretically, we think of the church as a place where all sorts and conditions of people can meet together on equal terms; but in practice it is becoming increasingly difficult to hold together large bodies of men in any one kind of religious worship. To-day the question which needs answering is, "what shall be that common religious service which at one and the same time can interest and help merchant and mechanic, mistress and maid, professor and pupil?" Who can regularly preach sermons that will hold attentive the thinker saturated with Emerson and Martineau and Spencer, and at the same time be intelligible to him who receives most of his information in the gossip of the shop and through the superficial reading of the newspapers?

Unless the Protestant Church is going to continue to split into countless minor subdivisions, each making its appeal to a few selected persons, it must enlarge itself, enlarge its method of procedure, calling to its aid those divers artistic adjuncts of modern civilization which shall help give it the needed complexity. It must also enlarge the scope of its appreciation, so that it may include not only all the best which history and tradition can offer, but as well what is best in science and modern life. Above all, it must have the prophet's vision, and be able to look forward and to depict the new Jerusalem, stating in no uncertain tone what are to be humanity's great symbols and watchwords.

Coming now to our own household of faith, we are beginning to see why to the outside world we have presented a wavering and undecided appearance. It is because the development of the church idea with us has not kept pace—that is, it has not grown side by side—with our intellectual system, and the two to-day stand out of harmony one with the other.

Symbols help to give clearness and fixity to intellectual systems. When we enter a Jewish synagogue, and see on the wall above the rabbi's desk two great tablets of stone, bearing certain Hebrew letters, we have, as it were, focussed in that single symbol the idea of the Mosaic law upon which is founded the whole orthodox Jewish system. The holy icon, occupying the place of honor in the orthodox Greek Church, tells as plainly as can words how great an emphasis is laid on the doctrine of the intercession

of the saints. The prominent crucifix in Roman Catholic cathedral or chapel centres in itself the idea of a divine sacrifice made for man. The open Bible, with the effulgent rays darting forth from every side, speaks to us, from all the Lutheran or Reformed churches in which we see it, of its infallible character, and the necessity under which the clergy rest to found the Church teaching squarely upon its inspired words.

One can enter a Unitarian church, but, as a rule, he will find within neither symbol, motto, nor ecclesiastical device which will immediately strike his imagination and focus the great idea of the unity of God and of all life, which is the central thought of our glorious gospel to the world. Indeed, our variations in ecclesiastical architecture are so pronounced, our independence as regards symbols and mottoes is so conspicuous, and our want of any fixed plan in the order of service so apparent as to be actually bewildering to the new convert. While much can be said in praise of this flexibility, especially in a new country where missionary work must be performed, yet, on the other hand, if carried too far, it degenerates into a species of congregational license, where any and every church for the time being is at the mercy of the raw taste of some untrained minister or the want of taste of some building committee, which is guided, not by the idea of what is permanently best and fitting, but what is cheapest, or what for the money in hand will make the most show and display.

Is it not, then, possible for us, as a denominational body, while yielding nothing of our congregational liberty, to still have some flexible order of service which from beginning to end shall have about it a unity of thought and purpose? Can we not elevate to conspicuous place one or two great symbols as typifying our present gospel? These symbols must not speak a provincial language. Never more for us can the tablets of stone or the open Bible be raised to supreme place. God, indeed, did speak through the Mosaic law and through the Biblical writers; but he is still speaking to-day in rock and sea and sky; and our sign of revelation needs to be something more inclusive than these local and time-limited records.

While we can bow down in deepest reverence before that unselfish love and sacrifice which are typified by the crucifix, yet here again we are not willing to take some one act of the Master's life, magnificent indeed in its renunciation though it may be, and make of it the all-embracing idea of the Church. Attention must not thus be distracted from the one source and centre of being,—the Eternal Father and Keeper of your souls, in whom we live and move and have our being.

Universal types and signs are needed. Where can they be found? One thing is sure: whatever signs are selected, they should be those which, while satisfying the historic feeling of continuity and association possessed by the Church, shall equally satisfy the new fervor, the new spirit,—yes, the new insight, shown by the devout scientist and the socialistic humanitarian. In other words, they must be symbols that are natural and suggested by nature rather than symbols that are artificial and suggested by the imagination; and, next, they must be symbolic of humanity's needs and aspirations rather than symbolic of angelic bliss and perfection.

Within the past quarter of a century there have come into existence a careful study of, and sincere loyalty for, nature.

Says a leading scientist: "I believe that a real love and sympathy with nature gives us consolation in affliction. I believe that it gives eloquence and earnestness and background to the inculcation of every Biblical truth and of all religious instruction. . . . To look with the fulness of life and joy of love at nature, that is the first condition of religious teaching."

How the things of nature can be made to stand as the great symbols of faith and trust is shown us by the Master. Once, when walking in the fields with his disciples, he turned to them, and said: "Consider the lilies. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. If God so clothe the grass, shall he not much more you, O ye of little faith?"

Here, then, is one symbol, that of the lily, which has a universality of application. It satisfies the historic feeling of the Church because in the use of it there is brought to mind the Founder of the Christian religion and his teachings. Equally does it satisfy the deepest feelings of the scientist; for in

it he sees typified all that wonderful evolution in nature which, as he studies it from day to day, is so moving and awe-inspiring.

The coming mottoes and signs must also satisfy the new humanitarian spirit which is growing, and becoming so powerful a factor in influencing the development of all the institutions of civilization. What is there in the treasury of the Church which, when brought forward, will at once illustrate the Unitarian idea of the brotherhood of man, and the common duty of each one's helping the other according to his needs? Can we crystallize our great ideal in the form of some towering symbol, the mere sight or mention of which shall awaken enthusiasm?

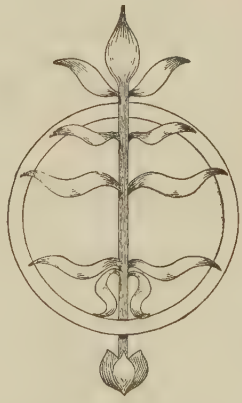
Scientific thinkers are looking forward to seeing evolve from all the stir and strife of the ages a perfectly developed human being in heart, in mind, and in body. Socialists have set before themselves the idealized expression of humanity in the conception of the thoroughly unselfish citizen. For what is the Church working? Is it not to help produce the perfect man? "Be ye holy," "Be ye perfect," sum up the ideals of the Old and New Testaments. Here, then, is harmony of aim in the thought of the Church and in the thought of those outside the Church.

It may be that, as this symbol—that of the perfect man—grows into shape, as sculptors and artists dominated by lofty religious genius try to carve the lineaments of the higher evolved human being, as they try to find a form, a position, a definite gesture, which shall mean most to the world, not so much by common consent as by common necessity they will find themselves depicting one who stands with arms outstretched in the attitude of universal invitation, saying in effect to all mankind, "Come unto me." Strength and great gentleness will be combined in the features, sympathy with the past as well as noble prophecy of all the future,—an emblem so divine in conception that, as we look upon it, we shall involuntarily exclaim, "Son of God!" and yet so true to what each one of us may become that, when we seek for a common title, none better or more fitting will be suggested than "Son of Man." This symbol elevated as our emblem shall be accepted as the type,—the hope which each human being may hold as to his own future.

Lastly, there is the thought of God. Out of the many conflicting voices of the age Unitarianism has proclaimed to the world the eternal truth of God forming the centre of man's being, out from which springs into action all that in us is most exalted. What name or symbol can embrace this Supreme Infinite One?

Shall the Eternal be named Law? No, for law is but the way of its manifestation. Will Energy suffice? No, for energy simply tells of its continued and manifold activity. Shall we name it Life? It is more, for life but speaks of its continuance. Can Love embrace all that is meant? It is more, for love is but one of its attributes. Nor name nor form nor ritual word can give sufficient content to our needs. And, yet, because we do so strongly feel, even while we cannot rightly express, the relationship existing, the nearness and dearness of God to the soul, we take that symbol word which means most to us of human relationship and say, "Father, Our Father." So, in all truth, like an *infinite circle* is this

> "Grace divine, encircling all,
> A soundless, shoreless sea,
> Wherein at last our souls shall fall,—
> O Love of God most free."



NOTE.—Conventionalized in drawing and using the old Egyptian form of the lily, we at the Second Church in Boston have taken this nature symbol, and, uniting it with the endless circle which stands for the infinity and unity of God, we have tried to typify the thought of life coming to development and expression up and through the all-embracing life of God.

WHAT IS THE UNITARIAN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY DOING FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOLS?*

BY REV. CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.

I remember that William Gannett, one of the earliest and best friends of the Unitarian Temperance Society, said to me a few months after its organization that we should probably find that the best work of the society would, after a year or two, be recognized as that of having given a general impulse to temperance thought and sentiment among our churches and Sunday-schools.

Many thought then that the society would soon die, after the first impulse had been given, and a few spasmodic efforts had been made. Mr. Gannett's word was prophetic. The expectations of the many doubters have not been fulfilled.

Spasms have not been characteristic of the Unitarian Temperance Society. They are not a Unitarian failing. They belong not, certainly, with our kind of temperance. Indeed, we have been often charged with being *too* temperate. We criticise ourselves for lack of zeal. We wish the fire would oftener flash and burn. We almost sigh for a few fanatics and extremists to disturb us "with the joy of elevated thoughts," to throw a sword into our evenly balanced minds, to settle a few questions at a blow, and call us on to victory. Such self-criticism and dissatisfaction are wholesome. But, nevertheless, we always return to our natural habit of thought, and put our final trust in men of calmer judgment, of depth and devotion, whose light burns, not in flashes, but steadily, like Minot's light of old; and we return to confidence in methods not sensational, not the result of spasmodic emotion, but the result of matured wisdom and experience. We believe in the cumulative principle, the line upon line argument, the work which can count results only "after many days," after years, it may be, of patient, plodding, persevering effort.

Ask "What of to-day?" and the answer shall be "Little" or perhaps "Nothing." Ask of the decade. That is wiser. To-day ends not with the setting sun. Time and effort are continuous. To-morrow belongs to to-day. Count to-day's results, then, when the morrow's sun is setting, or the decade's day-glass sands have run, or,

"When God hath made the pile complete."

The Unitarian Temperance Society has lived and done a steady work for ten years.

Its principles and methods have been conservative. It has endeavored to lead rather than to drive. It has tried to so present temperance methods that they might appeal to conscience and common sense, and in such a way as not to grate upon the sometimes over-sensitive and too refined sensibilities and taste of its constituency. It has made itself a voice crying sometimes in the wilderness, but it has never lost the breadth and sweetness of Christian charity. Its interpretation of temperance has been moderation in the use of things helpful, abstinence from things harmful; and it has understood temperance to refer chiefly in these days to alcoholic beverages, in regard to which it has urged as safest and best the rule of total abstinence. Its motto has ever been, "For their sake."

Thus, little by little, it has won a place for itself in the Unitarian household of faith. Thousands who may not care to give it their open allegiance welcome its word. It has done and still is doing what Mr. Gannett foresaw was to be its chief work; that is, the awakening and stimulating of Unitarian thought and feeling in regard to temperance. The first time I spoke to a Unitarian conference upon the subject, I remember quoting these familiar lines:—

"If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
That could travel the wide world through,
I would fly on the beams of the morning light,
And speak to men with a gentle might,
And tell them to be true.

"I would fly, I would fly, over land and sea,
Wherever a human heart might be,
Telling a tale, or singing a song,
In praise of the right,—in blame of the wrong."

This is what the Unitarian Temperance Society has tried to be,—a voice. It speaks by its very existence. It speaks to answer those outside of our Unitarian body who

*Address delivered before the Teachers' Union in Boston.

have been saying that we take no part in temperance work, or who appeal to us to help them in the struggle, saying, "You who believe so deeply in man and in the kingdom of right living and in a reformed society, will you not aid us in the struggle against the gigantic evil of intemperance, wasting a nation's strength as it does, corrupting its politics, ruining its homes?"

We speak therefore by the spoken and the printed word, at conferences and at our own public meetings, by tracts and leaflets and lessons, and contributions to the *Unitarian* and *Register*. Our Unitarian lay men and women and our ministers have spoken for us. Thus we have voiced our conviction, our appeal. Each one of our members, annual members at one dollar, unpledged, becomes a centre of influence. They speak, it may be, without *uttering a word*, our message.

I have felt bound to say this much about the society in general, before speaking specifically upon its work for the Sunday-school, because the general policy and spirit of our work bear directly upon that most delicate and important problem of teaching temperance to children. I believe that the difficulties and dangers in such teaching have been greatly exaggerated. Granted a fair degree of wisdom and refinement, together with a strong conviction as to the evils caused by intemperance and as to the safest rule for personal conduct and influence,—granted this, and it seems to me a simple and easy thing not only to interest, but to instruct and guide the young. We do not advocate a too frequent harping upon this one string. We know that it is but one of many which skilled fingers must touch to make sweet music. We do not want it left out, however. The clash of the orchestra cymbals comes but now and then; but it gives reality, force, character, to the symphony. Alone it is not music.

So the temperance note, which jars upon some people's sensibilities, which does not always please, which strikes with harsh reality upon our ears, may give vigor, strength, an ethical reality, to the Sunday-school teaching. If you should ask a hundred workingmen what morality means, ninety-nine would say, "Not drinking, and keeping one's self pure." I think that I have heard Dr. Hale say that. And shall we not strike this note, though it startle us and disturb our pleasant dreams?

The Unitarian Temperance Society has prepared two sets of temperance lessons, one of which, "Temperance Lessons," by C. F. Dole, was published by the Unitarian Sunday School Association, the other, "Seven Sundays upon Temperance," by W. C. Gannett, being published by our Temperance Society. These have had a limited sale, but nevertheless have done much good. One chapter in Mr. Dole's, "A New View of Temperance," printed separately, has had an extensive circulation. Both these publications await those willing to spend a few Sundays with their classes upon this subject.

Several children's tracts have been printed. "Mary Elizabeth," a story by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, has been in constant demand. It is prefaced by a brief account of a children's temperance society, under the title "The True Helpers trying." "The Man who never cried," "The Siberian Toboggan Slide," the recent envelope leaflets, Miss Bartlett's appeal to young men, Mrs. Chant's "How I became a Total Abstainer," the two short tracts, "Don't Smoke" and "Don't Drink," by Rev. A. A. Livermore, are all suited to the needs of thoughtful boys and girls or to those just passing into youth. Teachers may find such useful from time to time.

Some time ago the society issued pledge cards for a total abstinence league. It was thought that these might be useful in Sunday-schools wherever teachers and scholars wished to commit themselves to the total abstinence principle without taking a life pledge. In each case the signer agrees to be a total abstainer so long as he or she remains a member of the league. These cards were issued at the suggestion of one of our leading ministers, but they have had a very limited use. The success of such a plan depends entirely upon the interest of the teachers and ministers. There are Sunday-schools or individual classes where it might easily and with good results be adopted.

About a year ago the society imported from London a set of twelve pictorial diagrams entitled "Abstinence and Hard Work," illustrating various trades and occupations, and designed to assist speakers in proving that hard work of all kinds can be

best performed without alcoholic drinks. The set or any of the twelve will be loaned to Sunday-schools or temperance societies as requested; and experience proves them helpful. They are extensively used in England by the Essex Hall Temperance Association (Unitarian) and other societies. They are well executed, in good taste, and appeal to one's practical, common sense.

The best work our society has done, however, for Sunday-schools, is that illustrated by the temperance service which we have presented for use this evening, and offer to our schools for use on some Sunday in March. The first attempt in this direction was the preparation of four services upon "Self-control," "Self-sacrifice," "Temperance," and "A Festival Service: The City of God," which, with a collection of hymns, were published for our society by the Unitarian Sunday School Society.

After a year or two the present plan of preparing a special service once a year for some Sunday in the early spring was adopted, and in pursuance thereof six services have been printed.

Each had been made to centre about some Unitarian or national leader. The first, designed for Washington's Birthday, 1891, combined temperance and patriotism, and commemorated our national hero, Washington. The second was prepared in memory of Channing, the third John Pierpont, the fourth Dr. Edward Everett Hale, the fifth Mary A. Livermore, and the last, now in your hands, calling to mind our loyal and faithful friend, Dr. Reynolds.

We feel that these services have been appreciated. As many as ten thousand have been called for in a single year. It would seem that this method of bringing the temperance cause into the Sunday-school approves itself to our Unitarian sense.

Yet even at the best record only half as many services have been used as we might have reasonably expected. The services have been characterized by cheapness (one cent per copy), familiar music, so that rehearsals were not required, the absence of dogmatism, easy adaptability to special needs.

The temperance lesson to be taught has been left in each case to the superintendent's or minister's decision, except as the Scripture readings and quotations may have suggested the fundamental principles, and pointed the way to the wisdom and duty of exercising self-control and self-sacrifice for one's own sake and for others. We are glad to feel that the general impression conveyed has been that of the wisdom and duty of total abstinence. We ask for a more hearty and general use of these services.

In closing, I would say that the Unitarian Temperance Society stands ready to cooperate in any and every way with our Sunday-schools. It will gladly furnish speakers for special occasions, so far as this is possible. It will freely give its leaflets and cards of membership, and in special cases its temperance services. It will gladly try to meet any and all demands made upon its moderate resources, and it will welcome every suggestion and helpful word.

NOTES FROM THE KHASI HILLS UNITARIAN MISSION, INDIA.

The first conference of the Khasi Unitarians was held at Jowai on the 13th and 14th of April, 1895, and was a very successful one. A devotional service, the first meeting of the conference, was held on Saturday evening. After the close of the service the members from the interior were welcomed by the Unitarians of Jowai. The small meeting-house (now a new and larger one has been erected) at Jowai was full even at this preliminary meeting; and a tent had to be pitched outside the chapel early on Sunday morning, for want of accommodation inside the house.

There was a prayer meeting at 7 A.M. on Sunday morning. After this there were three meetings during the day, in which sermons were preached. In the evening there was a business meeting of the members of the Unitarian Union, in which the following places were represented: Jowai, Raliang, Nartiang, Pádu, Dáráng, Nongtáláng, Nonglámin. On Monday morning there was a devotional service and a farewell meeting to the brethren who were to return to their respective villages.

On the 27th of August, 1895, was celebrated the second anniversary of the Jowai Unitarian free school. As on previous occa-

sions, the school-house was decorated with flowers, ferns, moss, and also with pictures sent by Miss A. E. Howard and Mrs. K. G. Wells of Boston, U.S.A., and also with several large colored pictures presented to the school by Mrs. Rita of Jowai. After introductory exercises, which included physical drill, prizes (small pictures, money, etc.) were distributed by Mrs. Rita, who kindly presided. Mr. S. E. Rita, the local magistrate, and Miss Rita also honored our little school with their presence. The children were very much pleased with the prizes; and their copies of the *Every Other Sunday*, kindly sent to us by Mrs. K. G. Wells of Boston, were distributed to all children and friends present.

During the *Dunjá Pijá* holidays in September and October, 1895, I was laid down with influenza, and could not visit the various mission stations as I would. I, however, managed to get down to Nongtáláng to celebrate the anniversary of the Khasi Hills Unitarian Union, where I arrived on the 4th of October, 1895. On the night of October 5 we held a special meeting at Nonglámin, in which were present members from Syndái, Nongtáláng, Dáráng, Pádu, Jowai, Nonglámin. October 6, Sunday, in the morning, after baptizing a new-born child, we returned to Nongtáláng to be present at the anniversary meetings.

The first meeting was held at 11 A.M., and a sermon was delivered by me. Second meeting, sermon by U Kiton Roy, mission worker of Jowai. Third meeting, sermon by U Shngái Pohtluni and U Khyllāu Pádu.

Monday, October 7, there was a business meeting in the morning. The total number of Unitarians on the 30th of September, 1895, was 130. The same day we left for Pádu.

Tuesday, October 8, I preached in the morning in the meeting-house of the Unitarians of Pádu, and then left for Jarain. We got back to Jowai on the 9th.

The following extract from my diary will show the kind of work we are quietly doing in this obscure corner of the globe.

October 12th, Saturday. Before going to office at 11 A.M., I was called to see a child dangerously ill in the Jowai village, in the house of a family who decided to join our society (and has since joined our communion) and renounce demon worship, gave some advice to the family about the child, and hastily returned to office. I requested the native doctor to go and see the child; and he kindly did so, while brother Már Singh, lay worker, remained the whole day to nurse the child.

After office, at 6 P.M., I was informed that the child was dead. I then went to the house to console the mother of the child and her relatives, and passed the night there.

October 13, Sunday. After prayer meeting in the morning I arranged for making a coffin for the dead child, and went with the workers and friends to dig a grave. Then I returned about 11 A.M. to conduct the Sunday-school. A strange sight, only women and children in the chapel, the men still working at the grave, and only came in toward the close of the service.

After the school was over, I went to the village with almost all that were in the school. After singing, reading, and prayer in the house where the child lay dead, we accompanied the coffin to the grave, where funeral service was read. As it was very late, no sermon meeting was held in that afternoon.

Our new meeting-house at Jowai was formally opened and dedicated on Monday, the 5th of January, 1896. The dedicatory service consisted also of readings with responses set to music, conducted by Babu David Edwards of Raliang, and a sermon by Babu Kissor Singh. The house is made of *ekra* (reeds) walls, having a gable roof of Gothic style thatched with grass. There are eleven windows and three doors. It is 31 feet by 16 feet, and a wing of 13⅔ feet by 13 feet, and is capable of seating 200 people. As the house is used also as a school-house, we have made a movable pulpit, having four wheels hidden inside. On week-days the pulpit is rolled to a corner of the house.

On the 10th of January I was at Shillong, whither I went, travelling day and night, to bury the remains of my beloved mother, who breathed her last on the 9th. On arrival at Shillong I at once went to the *Dak Bungalow* (hotel) to greet Rev. J. T. Sunderland, who came to the Khási Hills to see us. He was just starting for Jowai.

HAJOM KISSOR SINGH.

Khasi Hills, Jowai, India.

ORTHODOX OR UNITARIAN.

I.

It is sometimes said that it takes the whole Church to preach the whole gospel of God, including Roman Catholics and all the Protestant denominations; and, qualifiedly, this is, no doubt, true. And we should take in also all the pagan religious sects, with the mystics and other independent thinkers and teachers, who have any knowledge, especially *spiritual* knowledge, of God and divine realities. But, to narrow the subject down to the so-called Christian denominations, it is probably true that each one of them has some specially good and important truth which each other one has left out of its faith and use. And the same also may be said of methods and applications of some commonly received truths; and I first suggest that the so-called orthodox or evangelical denominations have a great advantage over Unitarians in the emphasis and importance they give to personal religion and in some of their methods of awakening and promoting it as an "experience," though particularly in its beginnings, much more than in its higher attainment as the life of God in the soul, or as a Christian and spiritual experience, which, as Dr. Martineau not long since said, "Reached its acme, so far as we know it, in Christ." But there must be a beginning, conscious beginning, to most of us,—and, the more earnest and determined it is, the better,—and much progress, before the "acme," or any near approach to it, can be attained.

Not long since a liberal Congregationalist minister, whom I have long known, asked me—and in no sectarian spirit or animus—why a rich neighboring church, with a high social position and influence, and with always able and excellent ministers, gradually, if slowly, declined, while his church, much less favored in worldly respects,—of which, however, he had been the minister but a short time,—had grown and prospered,—a question that may be still more appropriately asked respecting declining and prospering churches in some other places.

In answering this question for myself, I should say the orthodox—if we must still use that obnoxious term—emphasize religion, personal, experimental religion, much more than Unitarians generally do, and put it in the foreground as the "one thing needful" and absolutely essential. It is true that they often most unreasonably magnify it, with some superstition, into the "all in all," beginning, middle, and end, hardly recognizing the important doctrine of growth and progress in the divine life, which is still more essential than the simple beginning of it. But it is their religion, nevertheless, if only so rudimental and imperfect; and they show their wisdom in emphasizing it, for it is most evident that the basis of a church or any *religious* institution should be religion, and especially as aspiring and earnest people go to church to learn what they can about God, the soul, responsibility, and the ultimate human destiny, whether it is to be in the dust with the worms or in some glorious heaven with God and good spirits. Of course, they like to hear cultivated, learned, accomplished ministers; but in this day they are not particularly dependent on the pulpits for literature, philosophy, science, art, and kindred topics; for these are all abroad now, and can be readily obtained from the lecturer and the magazines. But religion, especially religion in its highest and best, most Christian form, for head, heart, and hand, is not so popular or common; and many, especially men both in Unitarian and all other parishes, are perishing for the lack of it in the cold regions of atheism or agnosticism,—agnosticism a very prevalent, advancing ism, which it especially needs prophets of the soul to dispel, and to change into consciousness of God, and eternal life in him,—the only way out of darkness into light,—the light of heaven. And, if Unitarianism has no such prophets, then it has no antidote to scepticism and irreligion. But it has many.

Now, all of the orthodox churches—that is, the communicants—are made up of men and women who profess to have passed through a process of conviction and conversion to an "experience of religion"; and at some of the communion tables hundreds sit together, from month to month, and occasionally a thousand or more, and as "the elect and precious" of God, by virtue of a new birth in him and a regeneration by his spirit, and thus made sure heirs to a heavenly inheritance.

And this "experience" that they profess to have is over and above all the gen-

eral "evidences of Christianity," historic and other, that they read in books and receive from their theological teachers; and, if one may thus find in one's self a sure and satisfactory witness for God and all that is implied in his fatherly and saving relation to his devoted and faithful children, this must certainly be an acquisition to be very grateful for. And we should all candidly and faithfully inquire if this be so.

But, instead of doing this, many unbelievers, and sometimes even "liberal Christians" by profession, say it is all superstition, and turn from the subject with indifference, if not scorn,—sometimes, indeed, from the repelling influence of the narrowness, bigotry, and unworthy characters of its professors; and often it *is* little else than superstition, and sometimes hypocrisy. But by repudiating it wholly, as having nothing in it of any germinal value even, those who know better from their own first aspirations and endeavors, and subsequently by a calmer, closer walk with God, and peace and joy in him, turn from such repudiators, as giving sufficient evidence that they certainly have no religion,—nothing, at best, but "mere morality"; and I have known, especially in revival times, some very excellent young persons, and persons not young, to be attracted from us by that superficial misjudging of Unitarianism,—*their* own peculiar signs of religion not manifest in it, and so the essential substance also lacking,—equal misunderstanding and misjudgment on each side,—these beginnings of a personal, earnest, and consecrated religious life not over-estimated, but wrongly estimated, by one class, and progressive religion—sometimes without any earnest beginning—by the other class: whereas the two united would produce far higher and better results, and in co-operation perhaps. And when recently Prof. Harris of the Andover Theological Seminary, in a broadly liberal and noble address in Channing Hall, Unitarian Building, Boston, frankly and gratefully acknowledged for himself and his advancing orthodox brotherhood great indebtedness for much truth and light and helpful influence to Unitarianism, and particularly to Dr. Channing, Rev. William R. Alger followed him in an equally liberal and noble way, and said, in substance, that now it is time for us also to reciprocate this candor, and acknowledge our indebtedness to the school that is bringing out and enforcing some important things that we have neglected,—as in the address of Prof. Harris that morning.

Now, after more than sixty years of close observation, I am quite sure that I am right in saying that we may learn much, to our profit, of the orthodox in reference to an earnest beginning of the Christian life, and they as much from Unitarians as to the ever-progressive nature of that life, when really begun; and, as it has long been said that religion is everything or nothing, if it really has a solid and permanent basis in the human soul which may be conscious of the witnessing, inspiring spirit of God within it, —really the chief way to know God,—as there are even in churches multitudes of dormant, unaspiring souls, and not a few "dead in trespasses and sins," I am quite sure we may learn something of the orthodox, as to a method of awaking and saving some of these, even by revivals—simultaneous awakenings—of religion, and without the least superstition, narrowness, gloom, or unreasonableness, and on a plane of spiritual life and light in perfect harmony with all the higher faculties of the human mind, however highly cultivated and stored with all sorts of learning. And very wisely may the different denominations learn much of each other as to the diverse ways of the spirit in enlarging the Church or building up the kingdom of God on earth. And Unitarians may learn something even of Mr. Moody, some of whose views seem to be very crude and unchristian, but the fruits of whose revivalism are not certainly all superstition nor dogmatic theology, some of them being of the wisest and most philanthropic character, which will be perpetual memorials of him centuries after he has passed away,—his Educational Institution, especially, at Northfield. How few wealthy men even are building themselves such a noble and enduring monument! "Honor to whom honor is due," with however many human and religious limitations. The revivalism, the special religious meetings, the church organizing and enlargement of the orthodox, are certainly worthy of the serious consideration of Unitarians as Unitarianism is of the evangelicals, and is receiving it.

W. H. FISH.

HOME.

"May peace be in thy home."

The vast multitude that we see pass in the evening are seeking some spot or place called home. Some are going to the mansions furnished with rich tapestry and gorgeous carpets, others are seeking the neat cottages, while others climb to the bare garret or descend to the damp cellar; but, in whatever place, it is home "which stands at the end of every day's labor and beckons us to its bosom."

Into one class of these homes there is coming to the people a nobler idea of home life. They are learning the value of the influence existing there, and that true happiness is found only in the home. Fathers and mothers are becoming interested in home-making. Consequently, we may expect better people. The wife is striving to ameliorate the condition of her home. Her personal appearance is receiving more attention. She is trying to serve the food well cooked and in the best possible manner. Her table is kept clean and attractive. The house is made bright and cheerful with plants. There is no cross, fretful wife now. The husband finds peace, and is allowed to live in its hallowed joys. The true wife is realizing that the husband bears heavy burdens. She puts her own trouble in the background, and is doing her duty toward making home as charming as the sunshine.

The husband has awakened to the fact that the home needs more of his attention. He is learning to be patient with the children, to be interested in their studies and games. He is kinder to his wife and more considerate of her feelings. He treats her as he would want to be treated under the same circumstances. He has learned that housework gives no sort of stimulus to the spirits. So he is explaining his business to his wife, telling her of the outside world and reading the papers aloud. He is becoming unselfish. He respects the rights of other members of the home. He is becoming a more refined, a better man. So the wife is coming out of the household rut; and home is becoming the resort of love, of joy, of peace.

These parents are learning that they can preach no more than they live, that the sermons from which the children draw their ideas are not delivered from the pulpit or by the Sunday-school teacher, but from those that take place in the home. And these sermons are being made to illustrate the spirit of love and kindness rather than that of selfishness and high temper. The rod is fast going out of fashion, as harshness and severity never yet cured any faults in the home. Children are now being dealt with as reasonable beings; and parents are cultivating their opportunities with these young heads and hearts, before the world's influence has hardened the nature beyond their moulding.

The members of these homes are becoming each day nearer and dearer to one another, keeping back the hasty speech, and giving love, companionship, and sympathy; and from these homes will ascend pure aspirations that link the inmates to heaven.

"Home is not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded:
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart has builded."

JESSIE WHITSITT.

CHURCH-GOING THEN AND NOW.

Many changes have taken place in the church-going of the last seventy-five years. The increase of comfort with which it is attended and the decrease of demands made on one's strength and patience are both less remarkable, however, than the modification of the idea of individual responsibility regarding it. The fines and public admonitions that served to re-enforce the consciences of Sunday morning laggards in the early days of the colonies had been long given up; but the influence of public sentiment, at least outside the largest cities, was still so effective that he who braved its indignation by absenting himself unnecessarily from divine service would have been considered capable of almost any other recklessness or neglect of ordinary duty. Everybody went to church as naturally and as regularly as our children go to school. Only a Sunday or two ago an honored leader in a Unitarian church not many miles from Boston spoke to a minister of his absence from church, and said, not in the least by way of apology, but merely as explanation, that he had spent the morning taking a delightful ride out into the country on his bicycle. If a church official of 1821 had had the imagination and the daring to frame such a thought in his inmost heart, the lack of a

bicycle would have been hardly a greater obstacle in his way of compassing it than his dread of the certain disgrace and ruin which would have resulted.

It is not difficult to find many who still remember how they spent their Sundays as children in the early twenties of this century. The square meeting-houses were furnished with high pews, which had seats on three or even four sides, so that a good part of the congregation were unable to face the minister. They were entered by one and sometimes two steps, leading up from the "alleys," or aisles as they have been called since. The hard, narrow, uncushioned seats were on hinges, so that they could be raised when the congregation stood during prayers or singing. The moment the prayer was over down went the seats with a bang, and to children this was often the most interesting moment of the service. The prayers were long, but the sermons were longer; and there were always two, often three, of them during the day.

The luxurious churches of Boston were already furnished with stoves at this time; but in the country these modern improvements were yet unused, and regarded with suspicion. In cold weather people brought their own little footstoves, though it is difficult to understand why these should have been thought more religious than a single large stove. Probably they were used chiefly by the aged and feeble. Many of the churches, like the one in Hubbardston, still retained the ancient sounding-board, which must have been in most cases an article rather of luxury than utility.

In the summer time, when the roads were dusty and the church three or four miles distant, the mothers and little girls often went with their shoes and stockings in their hands, stopping just outside the village to put themselves in regular Sabba'-day trim. Their dresses were often woven at home, their bonnets braided there; but there was hardly less chance for emulation and self-satisfaction in clothes than when Emerson recorded his admiring submission at the remark of a lady who found a tranquillity in the certainty of being well dressed that even religion could not give her.

In the twenties the wrench of reorganization following the Unitarian controversy was just making itself felt in the country towns of Massachusetts. Ever since the first settlements here the legal parishes were the towns themselves; and with the establishment of distinct religious societies the town in most places began to be spoken of as the First Parish. The minister was paid by the town, and everybody was assessed for his support. It is on record that, when a minister's fuel was not provided in due season, the congregation might expect a sermon from the text, "Where no wood is, the fire goeth out."

If the relative influence of the church were to be gauged by the Sunday attendance at service alone, we might have to confess that the past seventy-five years have seen a sad weakening. Instead of that we believe that there is room for profound gratitude at the new hold which the church is taking on the hearts and minds and lives of the people. The formalism and inflexibility had their day, and became a burden. The truth which they held has grown and widened, and shows itself as eternal to-day as ever. The time came when Emerson said that the motive that kept the best men in the church was only a hope and a waiting. He felt that public worship had lost its hold on men, either through the affection of the good or the fear of the bad. Yet no one recognized more deeply the need of worship; and in the very address in which he traced the causes of a decaying church he indicated the path which might lead to the temple of "new love, new faith, new sight." All over the continent are churches which have taken for their aim that wide service to humanity which is not content with saving alone the souls of Sunday morning worshippers, but reaches out with loving hands to the little children, to toiling artisans, to souls hungry for intellectual food, to the suffering of other races, and to many needy ones of whom our forefathers knew little. Perhaps, too, our ministers have at their Sunday services as many thoughtful, earnest hearers, who are really helped by the sermon, as did ever their predecessors in old-fashioned pulpits. Ministers need not fear to lose their hold on their people, so long as they speak simple, honest words of spiritual strengthening, and lead their flocks to the living waters. Perhaps even the revival of church-going, which under present conditions would do so much to encourage our ministers and keep them to the highest standards, to help the people of the congregations, and to advance the higher life about us, may now be nearer at hand than we dream.—*Christian Register.*

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

SUNDAY.

Greater and Nobler.

I hold him great who for love's sake
Can give with generous, earnest will;
Yet he who takes for love's sweet sake
I think I hold more generous still.

I bow before the noble mind
That freely some great wrong forgives;
Yet nobler is the one forgiven
Who bears that burden well, and lives.

Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success:
He who knows how to fail has won
A crown whose lustre is not less.

Great may he be who can command
And rule with just and tender sway;
Yet is diviner wisdom taught
Better by him who can obey.

Blessed are they who die for God,
And earn the martyr's crown of light;
Yet he who lives for God may be
A greater conqueror in his sight.

—*Adelaide Procter.*

MONDAY.

The Advance Guard.

Great souls are set unto great tasks,
Each knows what God requires,
And is unto his own compelled
Even through hell's hottest fires.

Resistless fate holds and insists
That great souls do great deeds:
In vain, with falterings and tears,
They urge their smaller needs.

Up the white heights reluctant feet
Are urged through flint and shard:
Their strength 'gainst greater strength is set,
Their will 'gainst will as hard.

And alway with their work they grow,
Of obstacles make stairs,
Do valiant duty, and each height
For other heights prepares.

'Tis thus God leads the world each age,
His vanguard still moves on.
Slowly the host of followers climb
Until the heights are won.

—*Hattie Tyng Griswold.*

TUESDAY.

Buy my English Posies!
You that scorn the May,
Won't you greet a friend from home
Half the world away?
Green against the draggled drift,
Faint and frail and first,—
Buy my northern bloodroot,
And I'll know where you were nursed!
Robin down the logging-road whistles,
"Come to me,"
Spring has found the maple grove, the sap
is running free;
All the winds of Canada bring the plough-
ing rain.
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss
your love again!

Buy my English posies!
Ye that have your own,
Buy them for a brother's sake
Over seas, alone.
Weed ye trample underfoot
Floods his heart abrim;
Bird ye never heeded,
Oh, she calls his dead to him!
Far and far our homes are set round the
Seven Seas.
Woe for us if we forget, we that hold by
these!
Unto each his mother-beach, bloom and bird
and land,—
Children of the Seven Seas, oh, love and
understand!

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

WEDNESDAY.

One Day.

If we sit down at set of sun,
And count the things that we have done,
And, counting, find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard,
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then we may count that day well spent.

But if, through all the livelong day,
We've eased no heart by yea or nay;
If through it all
We've done no thing that we can trace
That brought the sunshine to a face;
No act most small
That helped some soul, and nothing cost,—
Then count that day as worse than lost.

—*Anon.*

THURSDAY.

In the Shower.

The sun had hidden his face in clouds,
And darkness covered all the sky;
The moaning wind came from the south,
And doleful was its cry.

Bewildered by the sudden change,
Birds sought their nests in mute alarm;
The flowers bowed their graceful heads,
To shield their beauty from the storm.

Only the golden buttercups
Gleamed brightly in the chilling rain:
By rough wind tossed, to earth they bowed,
Only to rise and shine again.

Outlined against the darkened sky,
Their beauty shone as ne'er before:
Was it because all else was dark,
And so we prized their brightness more?

Or did they, from the sun, their king,
Bring rays of light from day to day,
To breathe them forth in buds of bloom,
When winds were chill and skies were gray?
—*Maud L. Cotton.*

FRIDAY.

Step by Step.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet,
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.
—*Charles Kingsley.*

SATURDAY.

Is it Worth While?

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
In blackness of heart, that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife!

God pity us all as we jostle each other!
God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather,
Pierced to the heart: words are keener than steel,
And mightier far for woe or for weal.
—*Joaquin Miller.*

EDITORIAL.

N.B. A CHILD has just asked us why the *Unitarian* has no page for children. It has. We began a "Children's Corner" last July, and have had it well occupied every month since. We have recently added to the corner a short sermon, written specially for the children in our Unitarian homes; and we call the particular attention of mothers to these sermons, as furnishing just what is so often asked for, "something really religious to read to the little ones." The children's sermon in this number is written by Rev. Florence Buck, one of the pastors of the Unitarian church in Cleveland, Ohio.

A minister has written us that he believes our department of "News from the Field" does great service in making known the doings of our churches and "uniting all interests"; yet he hesitates to send any items from his own church, feeling it a sort of intrusion on our space. Please allow us to reiterate that the *Unitarian* is *every minister's parish paper;* and, as every church contains some of our subscribers, so we consider every church entitled to a place in our news reports. We recommend the appointment, by each minister, of a special correspondent to act as church historian, sending us every month such items of news as are of interest and valuable for record. We keep an index of all these on the cover of each number.

A layman writes us that, since we have been publishing every month our departments headed "American Unitarian Association," "National Alliance of Unitarian Women," "Sunday-schools," "Guilds," etc., he has an altogether new and enlarged idea of Unitarian work and needs. We wish every one realized what a helpful, condensed outlook of denominational affairs is given every month by the able writers of these departments.

The best day's missionary work any minister could do would be to induce every family in his church to keep the *Unitarian* regularly upon the family sitting-room table, where it could be *in sight*, to be taken up *often* by all members of the family circle.

Church Legacies. IT is true that the debt of love has no measure in material terms; but this seems to be curiously interpreted by many, as rendering

all material gifts useless and unacceptable as an expression of the affections of the heart. We mean to say that, of a hundred faithful, earnest, loving men and women who have been for a lifetime receiving continual inspiration, fresh hope, and renewed life from the church of their choice, ninety-nine leave no remembrance, no gift of love, for every one who does. And yet how small a gift, by the very boundlessness of its spiritual significance, would strengthen in every instance the currents of sympathy and helpfulness and love that flow through the church to bless the world! If every one of the ninety-nine would leave a love-gift to the church, think how year by year their memories would be blended in worship and built into holy lives!

There are so many separate little funds that can be so helpfully established in every church, such as ministerial fund, music fund, Sunday-school library fund, parish house fund, benevolent and missionary fund, funds for repairs and improvements, for a parish paper, for denominational support, for paying the expenses of delegates to Conventions, for supplying the pulpit during absence of pastor, for vesper or special services, etc.

Extention of its usefulness in numberless directions would be made possible to every church where these love-gifts became the habit of its people.

No Backward Step. REV. JOHN W. CHADWICK issues a strong criticism of Dr. Gordon's book, "The Christ of To-day," as the April number of his series of published sermons. Unitarians will, we hope, read Mr. Chadwick's sermon with more than ordinary interest; for Dr. Gordon's book has heretofore received much more superficial praise and far less clear understanding of its fatal errors than should be possible to thoughtful readers. Mr. Chadwick says he came to the reading of Dr. Gordon's book most favorably prepossessed "by the wide tumult of acclaim from out the liberal ranks." The *Unitarian*, however, had already warned its readers that the reasoning of Dr. Gordon in this popular work was most misleading; and we are glad to find Mr. Chadwick's careful examination thoroughly supports the review which was given in the *Unitarian*, December, 1895, p. 568, from which we reprint the following: "Yet to the Unitarian, while it will be of great interest to follow Dr. Gordon's vivid and brilliant exhortations, and while it will be a matter of unusual pleasure to find with what courteous consideration he speaks of the Unitarian protest, it will be very apparent that the real purpose of the book is entirely opposed to that very gospel which Unitarians believe the Master came to teach. Dr. Gordon evidently rouses himself in this work to a great and vigorous effort against the simple, natural conception of Jesus Christ as a brother man. Confusion is the result; and we find Dr. Gordon claiming that we human beings are to have the mind of Christ and be like him, and yet declaring that he is the 'supreme mediator between God and man,' and is, and must be, 'unique.' The fundamental principle here involved is the very thing against which Dr. Gordon falls. If we can be with Christ 'sons of God,' then Jesus is our brother. If he is not our brother, then are we hopeless."

Length of Sermons. THE prophet preacher need not count the minutes of his discourse. While he inspires, his audience will not grow weary. The *British Weekly* recently offered prizes for reports concerning the length of sermons. Two or three hundred responses were sent in. The longest sermons reported were by Rev. Donald Davidson, of the Free Church in Scotland, and Rev. E. W. Bailey, of the Methodist New Connection in England, both preaching an hour and twenty-eight minutes. The shortest sermon reported was by the Rev. G. Bicheno, a Primitive Methodist minister, whose sermon was five and three-quarters minutes long. Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren) is reported as having preached thirty-seven minutes, as is also the Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, the successor of his father in the London Tabernacle; while Dr. R. F. Horton preached thirty-five minutes. A study of the list shows that the short sermons were chiefly preached by those connected with the Church of England. The study is interesting, because it shows that the men of recognized power are those who preach from half an hour or longer; while those who preach from fifty minutes to an hour are largely those who are recog-

nized throughout the world as really great preachers.

A Personal Pledge. COUNT TOLSTOI closes a recent letter published in the New York *Tribune* with the following stirring, personal religious pledge, suggested to every earnest soul that wishes to be obedient to the will of God:—

I wish now, this moment, without delay or hesitation, to the very utmost of my strength, neither waiting for any one nor counting the cost, to do that which alone is clearly demanded by Him who sent me into the world; and on no account and under no conditions do I wish to or can I act otherwise, for herein lies my only possibility of a rational and unharassed life.

God and the Constitution. A GREAT many good people, led apparently by Rev. David McAllister, editor of the *Christian Statesman*, are very anxious to have a clause inserted in the Constitution of the United States which shall declare this nation to be politically and authoritatively Christian. It would seem curiously inconsistent at the dawn of the twentieth century to revert to national sectarianism and the constitutional promulgation of a creed. Yet the resolution now before Congress proposes nothing less. The clause offered as an amendment to the national Constitution reads:—

Acknowledging Almighty God as the source of all power and authority in civil government, the Lord Jesus Christ as the ruler of nations, and his revealed will as of supreme authority in civil affairs.

What an unlimited field for discussion and interpretation and misunderstanding such a clause reopens! It at once introduces religious discrimination into the whole realm of politics.

We should suppose such a proposal would hardly find any formidable support; but, unfortunately, it appears to be remarkably popular, the immense organization of the Christian Endeavor Society backing it. Many of the leading religious organs of the country, however, are editorially condemning the whole movement. The *Watchman* (Baptist), for example, says:—

It is to be deplored that, in opposing this amendment, we must be ranged with the irreligious forces of the community against those churches which have not accepted the principle of separation of Church and State.

The *Independent* says:—

We have kept the country free from all entangling religious alliances, and our only safe and wise course is to persevere in that way.

The New York *Sun* declares:—

The proposed recognition of God would be no more than a mere form of words. It would have no weight and influence. It would make this country no more Christian than it is now.

The Boston *Herald* very justly and incisively points out that

Congress needs God more than the Constitution.

A Prophetic Heresy Trial. THE result of the recent trial of Rev. William T. Brown, pastor of the Congregational church of Madison, Conn., is remarkably significant.

The charges against Mr. Brown were upon the old vital issues of unsoundness in his teaching concerning the atonement, incarnation, and authority of Scripture. On each of these points the defendant was acquitted in a finding which is extremely valuable as showing that the council accepted the fundamental principle of liberty of reason instead of conformity of faith.

The *Congregationalist*, after commenting upon the case, declares the council to have pronounced a wise judgment in thus recognizing and approving the newer religious thinking, and concludes:—

We rejoice also that the council has stated so clearly the points at issue,—points which concern the entire denomination. We confidently expect, as did our fathers, that more light is yet to break forth from the Word of God. We expect that further light will appear both through faithful obedience to his will and through diligent study of the Scriptures with all the aids which learning can bring to them. It has been the glory of Congregationalism that it has made great sacrifices to provide for an educated ministry, and that it has trusted its leaders. At the same time it has never yielded to them a blind obedience, nor exacted of them such an obedience to their predecessors. *It asks only that they shall loyally seek the truth and use all the light God has given them.*

The Italics are ours; but what a reformation those words portend, if only faithfully followed! We most heartily rejoice in the result of this happy heresy hunt, and ear-

nestly hope it is prophetic of the near reunion of the two branches of the Congregational Church of America. We once were one, on a basis of pure Congregationalism, asking only that we "seek the truth and use all the light God has given us." Why should we not reunite?

A Step toward Christian Unity. As a real practical illustration of the present appproach toward unity of the two wings of the Congregational Church, the Trinitarian and Unitarian, Dr. S. F. Herrick of the Mt. Vernon Trinitarian Church in Boston and Dr. E. E. Hale of the South Congregational Unitarian Church in Boston exchanged pulpits on Sunday, April 26. This event, we believe, marks an important change in the relations of the two bodies. When about eighty years ago Unitarian thought began to develop in the Trinitarian churches, it was first practically made apparent by the refusal of leading conservative ministers to exchange with those of their brethren who were beginning to preach the Unitarian philosophy of religion. It would therefore seem to be historically proper for the tendency toward reunion to first express itself in such an exchange of pulpits as that between Dr. Herrick and Dr. Hale. We rejoice therefore most heartily in this event. Both ministers were greeted by large congregations, who warmly appreciated the noble lives and earnest words of both these eloquent preachers. Dr. Herrick's closing sentence as reported is indeed prophetic: "Faith is not belief in fact. The whole matter is fellowship with Christ,—the influence of life upon life much as we experience it to-day."

The Christian Register. READERS of the *Christian Register* must have been puzzled for the moment, when opening their copies of April 23. Such an unfamiliar heading, such antique plainness, such forgotten form! Few living eyes could recall that this was the fac-simile of Number 1, Volume I.

With such pleasant surprise, however, the publisher announced the honorable attainment of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the *Christian Register's* birthday.

Since 1821 this paper has kept unchanged its title and its purpose. Unswervingly it has maintained its high ideal. It is to-day, as it has always been, the advocate and herald of religious liberty, rational faith, and holy living.

It is the one religious weekly which every Unitarian should rejoice to support, for it is in the *Christian Register* he will find the echo of his own faith and the prophecy of his own ideal hope.

The present editor, Rev. Samuel J. Barrows, who has held this post of high honor as of trying difficulty for fifteen years, is recognized, not only in our own denomination, but in much wider fields, as a man of varied and marked abilities, of the highest aims, of ripe and scholarly attainments, and of the most earnest and ceaseless devotion and consecration to the cause for which his paper bears its weekly witness.

The now rapid development of liberal religious sentiment throughout this vast nation makes the opportunity for such a paper as the *Christian Register* very much greater than it has ever been in the past. Admirably equipped as the *Register* is in every department, it is most earnestly to be hoped that in the coming years there will grow up such an appreciation of its labors that its influence will be sought as that of the best religious periodical in the country.

A Social Millennium. MR. W. D. HOWELLS in the April *Century* has an essay under the title, "Who are our Brethren?" in which he advocates Tolstoï's principle of non-resistance, and declares all that is needed for the peace and happiness of the world is that the same spirit governing individual families should be extended to States and nations. We quote the following paragraph:—

The millennium, the reign of Christliness on earth, will be nothing mystical or strange. It will be the application of a very simple rule to life, which we find in no wise difficult or surprising where the economic conditions do not hinder its operation. The members of a family live for one another as unconsciously as they live upon all others. There is no effort, no friction, in their perpetual surrender of their several interests to the common good; and in the State there need really be none, if once the means of livelihood were assured to each citizen. Without this there can be only chance good in life,—the good of accident, of impulse, of risk. There can properly be no self-sacri-

fice without it, for a man can sacrifice himself only when others do not suffer by his act. If they do, his act is not self-sacrifice, however pure and high his motive may be. But with it we should have liberty, which now we do not have. We should have the power of self-sacrifice, the ability to achieve the highest happiness which liberty can bestow, the universal peace of equality.

Salvation Army Forces. REGARDING the deplorable split in the ranks of the Salvation Army, the *Review of Reviews* sums up the situation as follows:—

The affairs of the Salvation Army in the United States have attracted great attention during the past month. Commander and Mrs. Ballington Booth, having been deprived of the command of the American branch of the army, concluded to withdraw altogether. They soon announced their determination to lead a new American movement, not in avowed rivalry of the Salvation Army, but as a useful participant in the vast religious work in this country which it seemed to them needed their services. As yet the new movement is only tentatively organized, although it has found headquarters in the Bible House at New York. The name "God's American Volunteers" was at first announced, but subsequently it was reported that, although the word "Volunteers" would be retained, the title as a whole was perhaps somewhat too cumbrous and would require modification. A considerable number of the officers of the Salvation Army in America have resigned in order to enter the new movement.

It is understood that the new "Volunteer" movement, while adopting military titles and some of the methods of the Salvation Army, will direct its attention particularly to classes of people that the Salvation Army has not been able to attract. There will be room for both organizations, and it is earnestly to be hoped that a perfectly good understanding between them may not be long delayed. Both will be headed by tried and devoted leaders.

Departments.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

The month of anniversaries is at hand. Among all the denominations having headquarters at Boston the Unitarians keep most closely to the ancient customs and traditions in regard to the Anniversary Week. The Unitarian Association holds its annual meeting, Tuesday, May 26, in the new Tremont Temple. In the morning the annual election is held, the report of the directors read, and matters of general interest are discussed. This year there will be left over from the last meeting the report of a Committee on Life Membership.

At the afternoon meeting unfinished business will be concluded and addresses made. In the evening the session will be devoted to the interests of our young people and their relation to the general work of the Unitarian Church. This will be a mass meeting under the charge of the Unitarian Association, preparatory to a business meeting later in the week, at which will be discussed the formation of a society for young people to include all those now existing.

In April the work in New England has the precedence. Reductions were made in appropriations to our churches amounting to $2,250. The following appropriations were made: Gardner, Mass., $100; Pittsfield, Mass., $600; Presque Isle, Me., $300; Rochester, N.H., $300; Whitman, Mass., $200; Worcester, Mass. (South Unitarian Congregational Society), $600; Wolfeboro, N.H., $200; Yarmouth, Me., $200; Farmington, Me., $300; Athol, Mass., $100; Brooklyn, Ct., $100; Dover, N.H., $200; Lancaster, N.H., $50; Tyngsboro, Mass., $125; Millbury, Mass., $150, conditionally; and Rowe, Mass., $150, conditionally. Once we had only two Unitarian churches in the State of Connecticut, one of them of ancient date. Mr. Wilson, the New England superintendent, now reports that four vigorous new churches will soon be established as the result of "The Forward Movement."

It was arranged that an addition to the loan of the First Unitarian Church, Omaha, Neb., be increased by $1,300.

During the last three years the directors have been looking toward the adjustment of outgo to income. The General Fund can no longer be drawn upon to any considerable extent for any object. The process of readjustment has been exceedingly difficult, but it has been so managed that no serious harm has been suffered by important enterprises. Many discussions have been held; and several committees have been considering the ways, means, and methods. At the last directors' meeting a final report was made by a special committee appointed for the purpose, and the following recommendations were made:—

First.—That the policy of granting continuous aid to dependent churches be gradually and judiciously discontinued.

Second.—That, where appropriations are continued or made, they be continued or made primarily to churches, societies, or organizations which have developed through local interest and enthusiasm, and as far as possible concentrated on important enterprises.

Third.—That a larger proportion of the funds of the Association be used for the support and extension of our work through the literary agencies of the denomination.

To this end, your committee suggests that steps be taken as soon and as fast as practicable, in co-operation with the Branches of the Women's Alliance, to systematize and extend our Post-office Mission work.

And when, in the course of this work, places are found which, though not yet ready for the establishment of churches, are ready for a preparatory and educational work, it is recommended that organizations be formed as centres for the study and distribution of our literature. Such bands might co-operate with our Post-office Mission work, and keep a Loan Library of some of our best books.

It is further recommended that, when students or libraries apply for our books, they shall be supplied with those which represent our best thought and our present position and outlook.

Fourth.—That the General Fund be reimbursed by the careful husbanding and investment of bequests.

Fifth.—That at the September meeting of the board the treasurer report the estimated income for the current year, and the Executive Committee recommend a distribution of the estimated income among the following departments of our work: Maintenance, Publication, Foreign Missions, and Home Missions.

(Signed) JOHN MASON LITTLE.
HOWARD N. BROWN.
SAMUEL A. ELIOT.
ARTHUR T. LYMAN.
MINOT J. SAVAGE.

$800 from the income of the Frothingham Fund was appropriated for the benefit of the school at Tuskegee, Ala., and $216 for the school at Calhoun, Ala.

The church in Newburg, N.Y., has owed $5,000 on a mortgage to Mr. Warren Delano. He has now released the church from the obligation to pay the debt, and has transferred the mortgage to the A. U. A., to be held as a lien upon the property without interest. There is no better way for generous givers to do a double stroke of work,—to relieve a church from debt and to reduce the burdens of the Association.

The British and Foreign Unitarian Association announce that, after one more gift of $250 in aid of our Japan Mission, their subscription will be discontinued because of extensive missionary enterprises which they are to undertake in India. Large demands are made for our Unitarian literature by various individuals and societies in Japan and India.

The following letter was received from the Women's Alliance:—

"FEB. 24, 1896.

"*To the Board of Directors of the American Unitarian Association:*—

"Many appeals have already been received by the Executive Board of the National Alliance, and will continue to come to it, in consequence of the policy of retrenchment of the American Unitarian Association.

"Inasmuch, therefore, as the congregational independence of the Alliance Branches is the corner-stone of its success, we have issued to the Branches the enclosed circular.

"Though we desire in every way possible to us to co-operate with the purposes of the American Unitarian Association, we deprecate any feeling that the Alliance Branches should necessarily supplement the work of the Association, and also the formation of new societies until those already existing are firmly established.

"For the Executive Board,

"EMILY A. FIFIELD,

"*Rec. Sec'y of National Alliance.*"

The president announced the final list of members of the Nominating Committee: Richard C. Humphreys, Rev. Stopford W. Brooke, John A. Taylor, Rev. George D. Latimer, and Thomas N. Hart.

The secretary, assistant secretary, and treasurer were authorized to make preparations for meetings in Anniversary Week.

GEORGE BATCHELOR.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

New publications by the Unitarian Sunday School Society, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.:—

"The Farewell of the Spring Flowers," by Kate Whiting Patch. A dialogue or school exercise in which fifteen little children can participate. Easy to learn. Price, 5 cents a copy.

"Selections from the Psalms," printed in colors on stout linen paper, especially adapted for primary class instruction. This four-page leaflet can also be used for responsive reading. Price, 2 cents a copy.

New edition of "A Study of the Sects," by Rev. William H. Lyon. This book continues to prove a most valuable manual for advanced classes. Price, 50 cents a copy, $5 per dozen.

Fourth edition of "Scenes in the Life of Jesus for Intermediate Classes," by Rev. Edward A. Horton. Price, 20 cents a copy, $1.80 per dozen. Second edition of "Scenes in the Life of Jesus for Advanced Classes,"

by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. Price, 20 cents a copy, $1.80 per dozen. These text-books are in demand as bringing to an old-time subject the new scholarship and a more realistic treatment.

The little slips entitled "Our Faith," published a few weeks ago, have been in large demand. They will be sent without cost to any Sunday-schools desiring them.

The large placards of the above-mentioned statement are now ready, printed in colors. They are intended to be hung on the walls. Price, 25 cents, either on heavy paper for mailing or on cardboard, if purchased at the book department.

No new service for Children's Sunday will be issued. Reprints of the services for 1893 and 1894 can be furnished. Price, 5 cents a copy, $4 per hundred.

The kindergarten cards entitled "Heart Gardens" have been found quite useful in many Sunday-schools. This set consists of twelve cards. Price, 5 cents a set, postage extra.

The current leaflet lessons on the "Beginning of Christianity" are now ready for May. The subjects are as follows: "Burning the Books," "Diana and her Silversmiths," "Bidding Farewell to Paul," "Once More in Jerusalem," and "Paul before Agrippa." The Intermediate are prepared by Rev. Edward A. Horton, and the Advanced by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. They are printed together in a four-page leaflet. Price, 50 cents a hundred. The Primary is also a four-page (illustrated) leaflet, prepared by Mrs. J. C. Jaynes. Price, 50 cents a hundred.

The Boston Unitarian Sunday School Union has held some very interesting meetings of late. This organization is in a most vigorous condition. The president, Mr. Frank B. Thayer, has conducted his administration this year with great success; and the secretary, Miss Louisa P. Parker, and the treasurer, Mr. Julius H. Tuttle, are entitled to much credit for their fidelity. There is a sure cure for despondency about Sunday-school matters when speakers face this noble array of teachers, ministers, and superintendents. At the meeting in April there were sixty guests in addition to the regular delegates.

The leaflet, "Our Faith," mentioned above, was first brought into notice by Mrs. James A. Beatley of the Church of the Disciples, Boston, although the substance was originally from James Freeman Clarke. Mrs. Beatley has a form of this statement adapted to the youngest pupils. She would be very glad to furnish a copy to any Sunday-schools desiring its use. Her address is 11 Wabon Street, Roxbury, Mass.

The Channing Hall "Talks" in Boston have been carried on this season with great interest and profit to many. Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford, who has led these meetings for the past three years, is happily adapted to the duty of stimulating thought and holding the attention of listeners. The idea thus carried out in Boston ought to be practised with these current one-topic lessons in other places. If there are not enough churches to join, then teachers' meetings ought to be held. Only in this way can the working capacity of a Sunday-school be kept up to its maximum.

The Western Unitarian Sunday School Society will have a field day on Wednesday, May 13, in the sessions of the Western Unitarian Conference. Our friends in Chicago have always paid earnest attention to Sunday-school publications and training. The programme is as follows:—

Report of the president, Allen W. Gould; report of the treasurer, Albert Scheible; report of Committee on "Nature Studies," by Rev. Elinor E. Gordon; report of "Life Studies," by Rev. Victor E. Southworth, Janesville, Wis.; report on "Every-day Religion," by Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett, Kalamazoo, Mich.; reports from individual schools; address on "Sunday-school Work," by Rev. Edward A. Horton, president of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, Boston, Mass.; intermission; lunch served by the church; paper by Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett, on "The Development of Religious Life in Young"; discussion opened by Rev. Edward A. Horton; address by Rev. Benjamin R. Bulkeley, Chicago, Ill., on "Young People's Religious Societies"; discussion opened by Rev. Thomas Van Ness, chairman of the Committee of Organization of the Young People's Union, Boston, Mass.; address by George P. Brown, editor of the *Public School Journal*, Bloomington, Ill., on "Better Methods of Sunday-school Instruction"; discussion by Francis W. Parker, principal of Cook County Normal School, and John Dewey, Professor of Pedagogy, University of Chicago.

The president of the Unitarian Sunday School Society goes hither and thither, as time and duties permit, visiting Sunday-schools and churches. He wishes that it were possible to accept more of the many cordial invitations which he receives. But the detailed work of his position to a large extent prevents his doing so. He finds nearly everywhere a quickened attention to the interests of the young people. It is a most encouraging symptom. There are three improvements that he most earnestly hopes will come to pass in our Unitarian societies:—

First, that intelligent and devoted men and women will more and more enlist as teachers in Sunday-schools. There is no more necessary or noble work to be done.

Second, he hopes that parish committees will more regularly and thoughtfully take into consideration the needs of the Sunday-school as a part of the annual appropriations and customary plans.

Third, not less does he hope that ministers and parents will throw off their scepticism as to the value of Sunday-school instruction, that they will put on a cheerful spirit, and win half the battle by refusing to dwell on the dark side. Even though the minister may not be the superintendent, yet the pressure he can bring to bear on the Sunday-school welfare, by his sympathy and co-operation, is almost unmeasured.

The usual meeting of the Unitarian Sunday School Society on Anniversary Week in Boston will be held at King's Chapel, Thursday, May 28, at 2 P.M. A fine programme of speakers and subjects is prepared. This annual gathering has become a valuable source of inspiration for Sunday-school workers. Not only are progressive ideas brought forward, but fresh enthusiasm is communicated by these leading speakers. A cordial invitation is extended to the public to be present.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

TEMPERANCE WORK.

The annual meeting of the Unitarian Temperance Society will be held in Boston on Monday, May 25. All members and friends of the society are earnestly invited to be present. Besides the regular reports and annual business there will be addresses by several of our ministers and laymen. The full programme will be announced later in the *Christian Register*.

A union meeting of temperance workers was held under the auspices of the local W. C. T. U. at the Unitarian church in North Easton on Sunday evening, April 12. The services were conducted by the Baptist and Methodist ministers, with the assistance of the excellent choir of the church. Addresses were made by Rev. Christopher R. Eliot and Rev. Leslie W. Sprague. Mr. Eliot spoke upon the social aspects of the temperance problem, and pointed out the mistake too often made of separating temperance from other virtues, and the temperance problem from other problems of the age. Build up the character of a man, and you save him from intemperance. Build up the general character of society, its health and happiness, by securing better homes, larger opportunities, better food and healthier conditions, and you will do much to drive out the saloon. Intemperance and the saloon are quite as much symptoms of disease as the disease itself.

Mr. Sprague spoke earnestly of the personal aspects of the problem. It comes home to all sooner or later as the problem of saving individuals. The personal duty and the personal temptation and opportunity await us all. The duty of total abstinence was strongly emphasized.

The Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society publishes a paper called *The Temperance Cause*. It is now devoting several numbers to different temperance organizations.

The next number will contain an account of the Unitarian society, with extracts from some of our publications, and with half-tone portraits of Dr. Hale, ex-Gov. Long, and others of our temperance leaders. This is a pleasant recognition of our work on the part of one of the oldest and most useful temperance organizations in the State, to which, we are glad to say, our Unitarian friends have always generously contributed.

CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.

NATIONAL ALLIANCE OF UNITARIAN WOMEN.

THE NEW YORK LEAGUE.— A meeting of the League was held April 3d at Unity Church, Brooklyn, with an attendance of over two hundred, Mrs. Franklin W. Hooper presiding.

After the business meeting Mrs. Robert H. Davis, in behalf of the Religious News Committee, gave an account of the churches she had visited during her recent trip through Canada and Western New York. She ended with an appeal for help for the young society of Gouverneur, N.Y., for which a collection amounting to $58 was then taken.

A letter from the Branch Alliance of Passaic was read, gratefully acknowledging the receipt of $50 sent by the League to be applied to their building-lot fund.

In introducing the subject for the day,—the Economics of Temperance,—Mrs. Hooper remarked that we have passed beyond the sentimental discussion of any topic. We see that with self-control, trained from infancy, intemperance will disappear. Consequently, no legislative action will ever cure the evil; but it must be resorted to now merely as helps to self-control.

She presented Mrs. Arthur H. Grant, of Newburg, who described three of these legislative experiments of America,—prohibition, high license, and local option. The testimony of our best authorities was brought to prove the futility of the first method, prohibition, in every State where it had been tried.

Statistics showing the decrease of saloons

and of crime under high license were given; but, as long as man remains a social creature, she felt the best way to uproot intemperance is to supply cheerful coffee-houses and club-rooms wherever a saloon is destroyed.

Mrs. John W. Chadwick followed with an interesting account of the unique experiment of South Carolina,—the dispensary system,—where the State controls the sale of liquor under certain rules and regulations. It is sold for cash only, in packages bearing the seal of the State chemist attesting its purity, and is not drunken at the dispensary, thereby uprooting two pernicious habits,—running into debt for drinks and of treating.

The Norwegian system was described by its advocate, Miss M. A. Brackett, who had made a study of it there. In Norway, under this system, the consumption of liquor has decreased one-half in the last twenty years. The capital interested in a dispensary receives only five per cent. of the profits, the remainder going, in Sweden, into the public treasury, and, in Norway, into public improvements. It is sold only under certain restrictions, by a paid official of good character.

Miss E. G. Putnam led the discussion, speaking in regard to the effect of legislation on temperance. Viewing humanity as it really is, and realizing that "its defects are only virtues in excess," that intemperance, for example, often results from the social instinct, and that climate has a great influence on the demand for stimulants, Miss Putnam felt that it was not wise for this age to seek by legislation to crush these natural instincts in order to eradicate this evil, but rather, through cultivation, strengthen the individual will and build up character.

She believed in high license,—the higher, the better, in decent shops, where beer and light wines could be procured, and in the gymnasium and the cold shower,—which will do more for man than legislation.

Miss Potter, who had spent many months in Maine, added her testimony of the failure of prohibition in that State.

Mrs. Hewett of New York spoke of the corruption which inevitably follows the enforced practice of using text books which teach that alcohol is always a poison, whereas teachers and pupils alike know better.

Mrs. Schamburg brought the point of view of the foreigners, particularly the Germans, to this question. Accustomed as they have always been in the old country to the daily use of beer, they learn of this instruction to their children in the public schools with amusement and contempt.

After a hymn and the Lord's Prayer the meeting adjourned.

ALICE P. JACKSON, *Rec. Sec'y.*

BOOKS.

Browning as a Philosophical and Religious Teacher. By Henry Jones. Macmillan & Co.

Browning and the Christian Faith. By Edward Berdoe. Macmillan & Co.

The admirable work of Prof. Jones in his exposition of the philosophy and religion veiled in Browning has already called forth a third edition. Probably the book is in the libraries of most of our readers. We see little, if any, alteration in this edition, which is splendidly printed; but it has a scanty index which was not in the first issue. Since the first appearance of Prof. Jones's book the influence of Browning in the field of religion has been decidedly marked. Few pulpits have not given some voice to his noblest words. In a strong sense, Browning has been shown to be a prophet; and Prof. Jones's interpretation of how the greater poems contribute to the solution of the mysteries and problems of life and destiny has helped to bring this about.

Dr. Berdoe's book has a personal interest, being an attempt to trace the development of thought by which the author advanced from an agnostic and troubled view of life, such as to cause him to abandon the Christian position, to a clearer, happier faith through the influence of Browning. In his interpretation Browning finds God through Christ, but not, apparently, in any theological sense, although Dr. Berdoe claims that Browning held the doctrine of the atonement. It is through the underlying principle of the law of love, however, that Christ reveals God, and supplies the satisfying answer to the puzzles of evil and sin. The chapters on "The Worth of Life," "Man," "Faith and Doubt," "Prayer," are full of deep appreciation and the keen feeling of the "soul that has tried." Altogether, this book is very helpful as a short way to the heart of Browning's religious teaching.

Literary Study of the Bible. By Richard G. Moulton. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.—"Let the reader imagine," says Prof. Moulton, "the poems of Wordsworth, the plays of Shakspere, the essays of Bacon, and the histories of Motley to be bound together in a single volume; let him suppose the titles cut out, and the names of speakers removed, and the whole divided up

into lines and chapters of convenient length,—and he will have a fair parallel to the literary form in which the Bible has come to the modern reader." To get below this surface view of the Bible, to tide over the period before public opinion permits the Bible to be issued with such aids to intelligent reading as accompany all other literature, is the purpose of the present work. It is just the book to be read in connection with the little series now being published by Macmillan & Co., "The Modern Reader's Bible," which is also edited by Prof. Moulton. This "literary study" is not a reproduction of the text, but a close literary analysis, and classification of all the various forms of Parallelism, Elegy, Lyric, Epic, Prophecy, Rhapsody, etc., to be found in the Scriptures, with copious quotations, notes, and explanations. The complete literary index to the whole Bible given at the end of the volume is a most enlightening and helpful aid to any one desirous of forming a natural idea of the growth and present composition of the Bible. By the use of this index each book of the Bible is divided into its literary component parts. We are shown which passages in Deuteronomy, for instance, are songs, which speeches, which introductions, which ordinances, often all thrown together in one chapter. If ministers would consult this book in preparation for every public Scripture reading, many old passages would yield new meanings.

A History of Nineteenth Century Literature. By George Saintsbury. Macmillan & Co.— The charming style in which Prof. Saintsbury gives us this summary of his prodigious studies in English literature makes the book as fascinating as though it were of much lighter substance. It is the conclusion of the series edited by Prof. Saintsbury, and brings the survey to date, exclusive of living writers. We recommend readers to study the last chapter before reading the rest; for it is an elucidation of the progress of literature, and contains Prof. Saintsbury's own enlightening conception of the present state of the literary world. It should really have had place as an introduction to the other chapters. While an ardent student of classic literature, Prof. Saintsbury regards the nineteenth-century contribution to English literature as deserving a place among the very great periods. The period which includes Burns, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, in poetry, and Lamb, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, De Quincey, Macaulay, Thackeray, Carlyle, Ruskin, in prose, is not easily to be equalled nor likely to be much surpassed.

The arrangement, method, and indexing of this volume are to be highly praised.

Modern Reader's Bible.—New York: Macmillan & Co.—The second volume in this admirable series of small text-books on the Bible has just appeared. It includes Ecclesiastes and the Wisdom of Solomon, edited with elaborate introduction by Prof. Richard G. Moulton of the University of Chicago. This introduction is fascinating. Prof. Moulton is so full of his own intense interest in the subject, the reader is carried with him at once into delightful enthusiasm. We recommend every one who ever reads the ordinary versions of the Bible to possess also these handy volumes which throw such new light upon the old pages,—light so revealing it easily doubles the enjoyment of any intelligent reader.

Art and Humanity in Homer.—By William Cranston Lawton. Macmillan & Co.—There are many busy people to whom, doubtless, the classic Iliad and Odyssey are little more than names. It is the purpose of Dr. Lawton to furnish in this volume an introduction or guide to those who desire a simple, readable account of those masterpieces of literature. We should not, however, recommend any one to attempt this book without first giving some study to the poems themselves. Chapman's translation of the Iliad can be had in Morley's Universal Library edition or Bryant's in the beautiful edition published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. For the Odyssey, Palmer's prose translation, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, is simple and reliable.

Chatterbox for April is an admirable number. "The Story of Nelson," and a bit of natural history entitled "The Games of Swallows," will catch the fancy of the boys. Another touch of natural history is about "The Lily of the Valley," and with its charming illustrations is evidently aimed to please not only the little miss who is still absorbed in her dolls, but also her big sisters. Little boys and big boys, and the girls as well, will be touched by the story of "The Faithful Dogs," and how they saved a little girl from a poisonous snake. In addition to all this there are poems, illustrations, a story of African adventure, fables, puzzles, a frontispiece in ten colors, and, in fact, a feast of good things of a variety to tickle the intellectual palate of every member of the family. In its April number *Chatterbox* more than substantiates its claim to the foremost rank among periodicals for young and old. *Chatterbox*, 50 cents a year or 3 months for 10 cents. (Estes & Lauriat, publishers, Boston, Mass.)

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A SERMON TO CHILDREN.

BY FLORENCE BUCK, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

"So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed upon the earth, . . . and the seed should spring up and grow, he knoweth not how."—MARK iv. 26, 27.

Have you ever planted seeds in the garden, and waited for them to sprout and grow? You know how they were wrapped up in their tight brown or black coats. Some were very small and fine, and you scattered them over the ground. Some were larger, and you put them in rows or holes in the moist earth. By and by the green leaves began to show, faint and tiny at first. Then the plants grew large and strong, and the blossoms came.

It seemed like a good deal of work to prepare the ground and get the seed planted in time. But our share of the work is very small, and God's part very large. The sunshine came and melted the frost from the ground, making it soft and warm. The rain fell, so the earth was moist for the little roots. The buds in the seed now begin to swell, so that the brown coats crack and fall off. The wee green leaves, helped by the sun, push their way up into the light and air. God gives them food to eat, too. It is not what you and I would like, but it suits the plant. The earth holds some of it; the wind brings more; the thunder-storm helps to make it; and the rain washes down what the wind brings and the thunder makes, so that the roots can find it.

We sleep and wake, and sleep again; and all the time the forces in God's universe are taking care of the seed and helping it to spring up and grow, we know not how.

So is the kingdom of God as if one should cast seed upon the earth. Did you ever think of hearts as gardens, in which seed-thoughts are sown? We do not know how they grow in the soul kingdom any more than in the natural kingdom. We need only to sow faithfully the right seed, and all the forces for good in God's universe will help them grow.

A little girl I knew gave up going to a picnic with a party of her friends, to go and amuse another little girl who was just getting well after a long sickness. Perhaps she did not know it; but she was helping to bring the kingdom of God on earth,—sowing seeds of patience and helpfulness in her own heart, and seeds of tenderness and trust in the heart of her friend.

Two boys had just bought a new football, and went to play a game in a field. Near by an old gardener was at work in his garden. "Shall we plant our football?" the boys called out to him in sport. "Plant the seeds," answered the old man. What could he mean? Football seeds? Just then some ragged boys climbed the fence, and begged to be allowed to play, too. The two friends looked at them doubtfully; but at last one said, "Let them come: they have never had a football of their own." Then the seeds were planted; and how they grew! What seeds? Why, the seeds of the kingdom that can be planted during a football game as well as any time,—seeds of generosity and friendliness, of good cheer and brotherly love.

It is from such seeds, seeds of love and truth, that the kingdom of God will come in our own and others' hearts. Are you helping to bring this kingdom? Are you sowing the seed?

THE BOOTBLACK'S NOBILITY.

A few years ago a gentleman going through a crowded part of the city of Glasgow noticed a pale-faced little bootblack waiting for hire. Touched by the delicate look of the child, he thought he would give him the blacking of his boots to do. Accordingly, he gave the little fellow the signal. The boy at once crept lamely toward the gentleman, and, as he pulled himself along, was nimbly supplanted by another little bootblack, who was immediately at the gentleman's feet and ready to begin.

"What's this for?" said the gentleman to the intruder, somewhat angrily.

"It's a' richt," said the new-comer, brightly. "Jamie's jist a wee while oot o' the hospital, and the rest o' us taks turn aboot o' brushin' for him."

Jamie smiled pleasantly by way of assuring the gentleman that his comrade's story was true.

The gentleman was so gratified by this act of brotherly kindness that he gave Jamie's friend a whole shilling for his work, telling him to give sixpence to Jamie and keep the other sixpence to himself.

"Na, na, sir," quickly replied this little hero, giving the shilling to Jamie and hurrying from the spot,—"na, na, sir: nane o' us ever taks any o' Jamie's siller."—*Children's Record.*

SAVED BY A CAT.

Plenty of stories are told about dogs who have saved people's lives, but we do not often hear of pussy's helpfulness in times of danger or difficulty. Some people say she is a more selfish animal than Dash and Ponto; and, just when the danger comes, she looks after herself instead of troubling about her friends. Here, however, is a good story that seems to point the other way.

During the dreadful war in the Crimea, more than thirty years ago, when the armies of England and France went away to fight the Russians, a young French soldier left his native village. As he was marching off with his regiment, a little cat ran after him, coaxingly. Seeing that she would not let herself be driven back, the lad lifted her on to his knapsack. He did this half in fun, and half because he loved and pitied the affectionate little creature.

Day by day she rode, perched up thus; and every night she slept curled at his side. At last, a great battle was going to be fought; and the soldier left her in charge of a sick comrade. But, after he had marched about a mile, up she came again, skipping along and mewing to be carried. She was lifted to her usual perch, and soon the regiment was in the thick of the battle. Musket-shots and cannon-balls flew right and left of them, and more than once the young soldier was wounded.

Twice he fell, but pussy clung fast with her sharp claws. At last, a dreadful wound laid him bleeding on the field. What did the cat do then? Instead of making off as fast as her legs could carry her, she sprang to the place where she saw the blood streaming, and set to work to lick the wound. At last, an army doctor came by, and the lad was carried away in a faint to the tent. When he opened his eyes, his first question was, "Shall I live?" "Yes," answered the doctor, "thanks to your little cat. If she had not used her tongue in such a clever manner, you would have died from loss of blood."

Against the usual rule, pussy was allowed to be with the young soldier while he lay in hospital, and was fed with the choicest bits from his plate. The story of her love and cleverness was soon made known to all, and much praise and petting she got from others beside her fond master.—*Eleanor Scholes* (*Selected*).

THE GOOD TIME'S COMING.

Grandma Goff said a curious thing,—
"Boys may whistle, but girls must sing."
That's the very thing I heard her say
To Kate, no longer than yesterday.

"Boys may whistle." Of course they may,
If they pucker their lips the proper way.
But, for the life of me, I can't see
Why Kate can't whistle as well as me.

"Boys may whistle, but girls must sing."
Now I call that a curious thing.
If boys can whistle, why can't girls, too?
It's the easiest thing in the world to do.

First you do that when you do this,—
Just like you were fixing up for a kiss.
It's a very poor girl, that's all I say,
Who can't make out to do that way.

"Boys may whistle," but girls may not:
A whistle's a song with the noise knocked out,
Strayed off somewhere down the throat,
Everything lost but the tuneful note.

So, if boys can whistle and do it well,
Why cannot girls, will somebody tell?
Why can't they do what a boy can do?
That is the thing I should like to know.

I went to father, and asked him why,
Girls couldn't whistle as well as I.
And he said the reason that girls must sing
Is because a girl's a sing—ular thing.

And grandma laughed till I knew she'd ache
When I said I thought it all a mistake.
"Never mind, little man," I heard her say.
"They will make you whistle enough some day."

— *Will Allen Dromgoole.*

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

It will be seen by reference to the cover that we are keeping an *index* to every item of news from our churches. At the end of each year that index is given to every subscriber, so that references to what has taken place in any society can easily be made.

Has your church an item of news in this number of the *Unitarian?* We should be glad to have you represented, and will gladly publish every month any announcements, notices, or news which you will send us. The *Unitarian* is a parish paper, and its interest is in every parish.

REV. WILLIAM H. KERSHAW.
REV. E. B. HASKELL.
REV. MISS MARGARET B. BARNARD of Chelsea, Mass.
REV. W. W. PECK of Wallingford, Ct.

The above having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of their fitness for the Unitarian ministry, are hereby commended to our ministers and churches.

D. M. WILSON, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Anniversary meetings in Boston, May 25, 26, 27, 28. The meetings of the American Unitarian Association will be held in the new Tremont Temple, just rebuilt at a cost of $400,000 and seating four thousand. Very attractive meetings are being planned, but it is too early as we go to press to give the programme of speakers.

Monday.—The annual meeting of Ministerial Union in the morning at Channing Hall, and the annual meeting of the Unitarian Temperance Society in the afternoon.

Tuesday.—Annual meeting of the American Unitarian Association. Three sessions, morning, afternoon, and evening, in Tremont Temple. The evening session is to be devoted to the Young People's Unitarian Union.

Wednesday.—Berry Street Conference at Arlington Street Church Vestry. The address by Rev. George Batchelor. Annual meeting of National Alliance of Unitarian Women in the afternoon. Annual dinner of Meadville Alumni at the "Bellevue."

Thursday.—Sunday-school Society's annual meeting in King's Chapel, 2 P.M. In the evening the "Festival" at music Hall.

Western Unitarian Conference.—Forty-second annual session May 11, 12, 13, 14, All Souls' Church, Chicago. Programme will include: Opening services, Monday evening, May 11, sermon by Rev. Henry M. Simmons, Minneapolis, Minn.

Tuesday, May 12, devotional meeting, address by Rev. R. B. Marsh, Peoria, Ill.; business session, address of the president, Hon. Daniel L. Shorey; report of the secretary, Rev. Allen W. Gould; report of the treasurer, Herbert W. Brough; brief reports of State Conference secretaries: Rev. Allen G. Jennings for Ohio and Indiana, Rev. Charles F. Elliott for Illinois, Rev. Robert C. Douthit for Wisconsin, Rev. Leon A. Harvey for Iowa, Rev. Carleton F. Brown for Minnesota, Rev. Abram Wyman for the Missouri Valley, Rev. Thomas P. Byrnes for Michigan; brief reports from individual churches. In the afternoon papers by Rev. Mary A. Safford, Sioux City, Ia., on "Our Work in the Central West in Co-operation with the State Conferences"; by Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, St. Louis, Mo., on "Our Work in the Central West in Co-operation with the American Unitarian Association"; by Mrs. Celia P. Woolley, Geneva, Ill., on "How can the Work of the Western Unitarian Conference be furthered by Co-operation with the Liberal Congress?" In the evening short addresses on "The Ideal Pulpit of To-day": "Its Relation to Social Reform," by Rev. William D. Simonds, Madison, Wis.; "Its Relation to the Intellectual Life," by Rev. Thomas Van Ness, Boston, Mass.; "Its Relation to the Spiritual Life," by Rev. James V. Blake, Chicago, Ill.; "Its Adaptation to Present Conditions," by Rev. Hiram W. Thomas, D.D., Chicago, Ill.

Wednesday, May 13, devotional meeting, address by Rev. John H. Mueller, Bloomington, Ill.; annual meeting of the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society; after the various reports, address on "Sunday-school Work," by Rev. Edward A. Horton, president of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, Boston, Mass.; paper by Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett, on "The Development of Religious Life in the Young"; address by Rev. Benjamin R. Bulkeley, Chicago, Ill., on "Young People's Religious Societies."

Thursday, May 14, devotional meeting, address by Rev. Carleton F. Brown, St. Cloud, Minn.; paper by Rev. William R. Lord, St. Paul, Minn., on "The Place of the Church in the Life of the Progressive Woman"; paper by Prof. J. B. Johnson, St. Louis, Mo., on "Teaching Religion, with Especial Reference to the Six Years' Course." 2 P.M., final business meeting of the Western Unitarian Conference; re-

ports of committees, election of officers, other business. 8 P.M., an evening of social fellowship, under the management of All Souls' Church.

Albany, N.Y.—First Unitarian Church: The past few months have been ones of extra activity among us. The principal thing, of course, has been the preparation for our anniversary; but there has been plenty of work on other lines.

The literary section of the Unity Club has been studying Lowell, Holmes, and Longfellow. The papers read have been most interesting, and those present have thoroughly enjoyed the programmes.

The sociological section has had two debates at which, while the attendance was not as large as at the debate on "Municipal Reform" last November, the enthusiasm and spirit of the debate was as great. The subjects were "Temperance" and "The Single Tax." The last one was especially warmly discussed. Probably the talk on the last subject to be discussed this season, "Socialism," will be as enthusiastic as any we have had.

Various views of the meanings and aims of the Gospels are brought out in the study of them by the Bible class on Friday evenings. The persons attending probably enjoyed their work here as thoroughly as any which they have undertaken, and they surely receive as much benefit from it.

The Branch Alliance of Unitarian and other Liberal Women, through its various committees, is doing good work. The Post-office Mission Committee has, as many know, published Dr. Brundage's first series of sermons. Now it is advertising in the Amsterdam, N.Y., papers, and supplying literature to the persons requesting it.

The Philanthropic and Entertainment Committees have combined on several occasions; and, while furnishing entertainment to our people and their friends, have also raised money, clothing, etc., for others. The other committees are the Pastor's Aid and the Literary.

We have had three socials since the first of January. The first was at the pastor's on January 14. The entertainer was Col. C. O. Sheppard, ex-consul-general to Japan, who related some of his various experiences there, and also read some of his delightful stories. The second was at Mrs. J. W. Rosenthal's on Lincoln's birthday. The evening was spent in giving anecdotes of Lincoln, selections from orations and essays about him. The last, on March 4, in the dining-room of Odd Fellows' Temple, was what was called an "Evening in Puzzle Land." There were three main "puzzles," if I may so call them. First, the supper: a menu, with the various dishes described by a sentence, was given to each person, and they chose six articles. Then came a series of tableaux representing noted advertisements, with a cake as the prize for the person guessing the largest number. The "Hidden Library" was the third feature. This consisted of articles which represented or described prominent books. The prize in this contest for the largest number of correct books was also a cake.

The minister's visitors during the past few months have been: Rev. Samuel Eliot of Brooklyn, whose topic was "New Wine in Old Bottles," a discussion of Liberal Orthodoxy; Rev. Edward Hale of Orange, N.J., on the "Gospel of Unitarianism"; and Rev. Stephen H. Camp of Brooklyn, on "The Secret of a Happy Life." The names vouch for the excellence of all three of the sermons.

Our pastor has given us a series of sermons on "Why a Unitarian Church in Albany," which was also the title of the first one (which was printed in March *Unitarian*). The others were: "Duty of Liberal Parents to their Children," "Revivals of Religion," "Inspiration," "The Doctrine of the Atonement."

He has commenced another series on "Some Modern Prophets," the first of which was on "Savonarola."

On March 24 the Branch Alliance held their meeting in the afternoon, at which the secretary, Miss Hawley, and Mrs. Winship and Mrs. Brown, the treasurer, reported. Mrs. Barker sang several solos. Then Mrs. Dix of the National Alliance addressed the meeting on "The Place of Women in the Church." She spoke later on "The Cheerful Letter Work." Mrs. Catlin and Mrs. Davis also spoke.

From 5 to 7.30 o'clock the society and its friends enjoyed a social reunion, and then reassembled in the hall for the evening exercises. They opened with a hymn, which was followed by a prayer by Rev. E. M. Fairchild of Troy. Dr. Brundage gave a brief review of the year's work. There are 154 members at present. 2 have died, 8 withdrawn, and 11 have removed from the city. The Anniversary Hymn, written by James Rowe of the society for the occasion, was then sung. Rev. D. W. Morehouse spoke on "Some Misapprehensions of Unitarianism," and Rev. Samuel Eliot on "The Unbelief of Believers."

After another hymn Rev. Minot J. Savage spoke on "Religion in the Light of Modern Knowledge." The audience were delighted with their speaker, frequently applauding him. The benediction was pronounced by Rev. Max Schlesinger.

G. T. W.

Ann Arbor, Mich.—During the absence of Rev. J. T. Sunderland in Europe and India the past year the services in the Unitarian church here have been conducted by Rev. John C. Kimball, the acting pastor. Mr. Kimball has had large audiences, and is greatly appreciated here as a preacher, and as a man by the members of the society, students, and people generally. His course

of evening lectures,—fourteen in number,—upon the doctrine of evolution in its relation to religious truth, has been especially interesting, and has created considerable interest among thoughtful people.

All the usual activities of the church have been carried on during the fall and winter with the usual enthusiasm and success.

The Unity Club has just completed its eighteenth annual course of lectures and entertainments. This course has become one of the institutions of the town, and is given a place in the annual society publications of the university. The course is largely patronized by professors and students and by people of all denominations. The club aims to be unpartisan, unsectarian, and undogmatic, and to furnish a platform for the dissemination of truth and light, from whatever source that truth and light may come.

The Ladies' Union, of which Mrs. Prof. Pettee is president, has held regular meetings on each Wednesday afternoon during the season. At these meetings a systematic course of study upon "Modern Germany" has been pursued, and occasional letters have been received and read at these meetings from Mrs. Eliza Sunderland, who has been spending the year abroad.

Prof. Lloyd of the university has given a course of Sunday noon lectures to the King's Daughters, the Young Men's Guild, and a Bible class upon "Types of the Moral Ideal" of rare excellence,—lectures which have been highly appreciated by his listeners.

Mrs. Kimball, on her arrival here a few weeks ago to join her husband, was given a public reception by the ladies of the society in the parlors of the church, and is rapidly coming to enjoy the ways and peculiarities of the "drooping West." She will take charge of the meetings of the King's Daughters and the Young Men's Guild for the remainder of the year.

What with the fine sermons of Mr. Kimball, the high-class entertainments of the Unity Club, the studies of the Ladies' Union, and the lectures of Prof. Lloyd, to say nothing of a prosperous Sunday-school under the superintendence of Mr. Green, a Senior law student, and a monthly vesper service given by the choir of the church,—one of the best in the city,—the society and congregation has enjoyed a fall and winter of unusual interest and profit.

Mr. and Mrs. Sunderland are expected to resume their work here in the fall, with fresh inspiration gathered from Greece, Egypt, Palestine, and "India's coral strands."

Athol, Mass.—The Easter services at the Second Unitarian Church were of unusual interest, and filled the church to overflowing morning and evening. The "Merry Twenty" had charge of the floral decorations, and made a beautiful display with Easter lilies and potted plants.

A strong, uplifting discourse by Rev. Mr. Horst and the fine music by the church quartette and the new organist, Mrs. M. L. Lindsey, brought the meaning and spirit of Easter very clearly to the listeners.

At the close of the morning service E. V. Wilson, in behalf of the executive committee, made a statement in regard to the method of raising funds for the year ensuing. It is proposed to dispense with a collector, and extend the weekly offering system to all contributors. Mr. Wilson also stated that the pastor's salary would be increased two hundred dollars another year,—a statement which seemed to meet the approval of the congregation.

The concert in the evening by the Sunday-school was well conducted. The platform was enlarged to accommodate the school, so that they might face the audience. The recitations were good, and the singing spirited.

Sunday, April 12, Mr. Horst preached upon "License, and What is Needed." It is needless to say the subject was treated forcibly and fearlessly.

On Tuesday evening Mrs. Mary A. Livermore lectured in the church upon "Eminent People whom I have met."

Berlin, Mass.—Thanks to the trustees of the Carter Fund, the minister is housed near the church in one of the best parsonages in Worcester County, a house built by the late Mrs. John B. Gough, and intended for an orthodox parsonage, it is said, but put upon the market at her death, and sold at a considerable reduction from the cost. Not long ago the interior of the church auditorium was handsomely frescoed, and the platform behind the pulpit enlarged, so that room is found for an orchestra in addition to the large chorus choir. There is an unusual amount of musical talent in the society. The seats are free, expenses paid by subscription and interest on the Chandler Carter Fund; and with a minister who preaches extempore and forgets not to enliven his discourse with "figures," and a people given to cordial hand-shaking, this church may be cited as a model country church.

For years the Unitarian Society here has felt the want of horse-sheds. Last fall the matter was put into the hands of an energetic committee, and in a few months a commodious stable was erected adjoining the church and connected with it by a porch. The cost of building, including foundations, grading, and painting, was $922. This entire amount has now been raised, and the stable stands wholly paid for, and the society is the richer by a valuable piece of property. The stable occupies ground where it was estimated there was room for but ten or twelve sheds of the old style; yet the arrangement is such that

seventeen horses and wagons can be hitched in it safely, or from twenty-eight to thirty-one horses and sleighs.

The immediate effect has been to increase the attendance at church from 50 to 100 per cent., or nearly double.

Boston, Mass.—Church of the Unity: A farewell dinner to Rev. Minot J. Savage and Mrs Savage, under the auspices of the Minot J. Savage Club, was given Tuesday evening, April 7, at the Hotel Vendome. A reception was held at six o'clock. Then after an hour at dinner Mr. William Rotch, president of the club, brought the company to order, and introduced Rev. E. E. Hale, D.D. He had just passed a season in the climate of California, and everywhere he went he found that the fame of Mr. Savage had gone before him. "I cannot believe Mr. Savage," he continued, "when he says he has been here so long as he has. The value of his service to this community can hardly be estimated. It is best at times to tell the whole truth. I propose to tell Mr. Savage how much we love him, how much we honor him, and how much good he has done in Boston. Mr. Savage does not know this. He came here unknown. He had to work his way along. The Church of the Unity did not know him. He went on for a series of years, gaining every day the confidence of men, as he went on preaching the gospel. That sort of a life is going to work the work that is given man to do in this world. Such a life as is his is won only by a good man and by one who loves his neighbor as himself." Dr. Hale here related an anecdote of a friendless working-girl in Boston, who, driven nearly to suicide, was deterred therefrom by a sermon which she heard from the lips of Mr. Savage. "How many cases such as this," said he, "have occurred in this city during the ministry of Mr. Savage the good God only knows." After many tributes of esteem and affection Mr. Savage returned thanks for the kindness, courtesy, generosity, sympathy, and, above all, for the personal friendship and love of his hearers.—*Christian Register.*

Chicago, Ill.—Unity Church: The vesper services which have been held in the church Sunday afternoons at four o'clock during the autumn and winter have been discontinued till next season. Mr. Bulkeley has recently given at these services two series of addresses, the first on "Essentials of Liberalism," the other on the general topic "Sociology, or Applied Christianity." These addresses have been delivered to good audiences, and have proved interesting and helpful.

On Tuesday, April 14, the Study Class concluded its review of the history of Unitarianism with a session devoted to the consideration of James Freeman Clarke and his work.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the church, which is a branch of the Alliance, has discontinued its meetings for this season. During the year the society has worked in concert with the Bureau of Charities,—a most satisfactory arrangement, as it has enabled the workers to sift out the worthy from the unworthy, and has prevented any duplication of relief work. Since the first of October the society has made and distributed about 450 garments, and disbursed about $150.

—All Souls' Church: On Easter Sunday a number of children were baptized, and several members of the confirmation class were received into the church.

The congregation has outgrown its church building on Oakwood Boulevard; and, as an experiment, the Oakland Music Hall, about two blocks from the church, has been rented for four weeks. The morning services are held here, the evening services in the church building.

Mr. Jones is the first of the Chicago ministers to form an alliance with the bicycle. He has invited the bicyclists to attend his services at Oakland Hall, where the bicycles will be cared for during the service. If the plan is successful, a similar invitation will be issued for the evening services at the church building. The indications are that other ministers of the city will soon adopt the same plan, hoping thereby to solve the question, "The Church or the Bicycle?"

Announcements are out for the opening of the Western Conference, which takes place at All Souls' Church on Monday evening, May 11. Mr. Simmons of Minneapolis delivers the opening sermon. A most attractive and interesting programme has been arranged, and Western Unitarians are looking forward with pleasure to this anniversary week.

Concord, N.H.—Nearly every seat in the church was filled on Easter Sunday morning. The church was beautifully decorated with palms and lilies, and the choir rendered a special programme of Easter music. Rev. F. L. Phalen took for his subject "The Secret of the Resurrection," and his sermon was a most thoughtful and helpful one.

An Easter service of the Sunday-school was held at noon. The annual offering of the church for the American Unitarian Association was taken at the morning service, and the Sunday-school sent their usual Easter contribution to the Children's Mission in Boston.

On Fast Day, April 9, a union service of all the churches in the city was held in the First Baptist Church. It was so arranged that several of the local pastors participated. The sermon was by Rev. F. L. Phalen. The subject, "Our Republic, its Glory and its Shame."

On Sunday, April 12, we had the pleas-

ure of listening to Rev. Dr. Edward A. Horton of Boston. His able and eloquent sermon was on "The Mind of Christ." His words were laden with the hope that religious unity may be realized, and that humanity may soon devote itself to the practical religion of doing good rather than to the vain discussion of theological creeds and isms. Dr. Horton also made some interesting remarks to the young people at the session of the Sunday-school.

On Thursday evening, April 16, Mr. George W. Stone of Boston gave a most interesting and instructive lecture before the Channing Guild on "Sydney Smith and his Times." Mr. Stone's method of speaking is very pleasant, and the lecture was greatly enjoyed.

The gentlemen of the parish gave a very successful supper on Wednesday evening, April 15. After the supper the young ladies of St. Theresa Circle of King's Daughters gave an excellent entertainment in the audience-room, consisting of an amusing pantomime, "The Bachelor's Dream," and a laughable farce, "Cousin Frank." Both the supper and the entertainment were thoroughly enjoyed by one of the largest companies of the season.

Gardner, Mass.—We have been very actively at work during the winter. Late in the fall the Edward Everett Hale Club, a religious society of the young people, was organized. The club has met once a month, and has taken charge of the meetings of the Unity Club, assisted in the care of the church building, and raised money to help pay for a piano. The club consists of about fifteen members. The Unity Club has been successful. It has devoted two meetings to "Hiawatha and Indian Legends," one of them an entertainment with tableaux from the poem, and the other readings and papers. The following two meetings were devoted to "The Tale of Two Cities" and the "French Revolution," and two more meetings to "Romola and the Renaissance." The attendance has been thirty on the average, and the interest has been well sustained. Some of the programmes have been exceedingly good.

The ladies of the society have held four "Supper Socials," which have been well attended. They have also changed their local organization, the "Willing Workers," into a Branch Alliance, and by so doing largely added to their membership. Last fall their annual fair was a truly fine occasion, and besides a social success it cleared more than $350. A concert in the fall, conducted by Miss Emma Howe of Boston, and a lecture by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore on April 13, were features of the year. And the best part of all this subordinate church life has been that it has helped and strengthened the religious life of the church.

A course of sermons upon alternate Sundays, "What Unitarians Believe," was very well attended; and the average church attendance from July 1, 1895, to March 1, 1896, was 109. On February 23 twenty-four new members joined the church by signing the books and receiving the right hand of fellowship after the morning service, and soon we are to have another opportunity which will add as many more to the society. Last March Mrs. William S. Heywood of Sterling, Mass., gave an exceedingly fine paper to our people upon "Clara Barton and the Red Cross Society"; and on April 23 Mr. Brown, who has just returned from a trip to the Bermuda Islands, will give a lecture on "Bermuda and her People," the proceeds of which will be sent to the Red Cross for the relief of the Armenians.

Among the young people of the society the religious life is being much strengthened by the Guild of the Good Samaritan, which has thus far done most excellent work. For subjects they have taken the characters in "Noble Lives and Noble Deeds."

India.—The Jowai Unitarian Free School: The Jowai Unitarian "Free School," as the name implies, was started in 1893 to impart free tuition to the poor children, irrespective of creed or color. Through the generosity of friends a small house was then erected, and the number of children has since been increasing, and the small hut has been found to be very small to accommodate them; and it has become very necessary to have a larger and better school-house. The cost of the new building, to be used also as a church, now in course of construction, has been estimated at 600 rupees. As we are unable to raise this large sum among ourselves, we humbly and earnestly appeal to the friends, sympathizers, and to the generous public to help us with donations for the school-house building fund. Any amount given or sent for the above purpose will be thankfully acknowledged by Hajom Kissor Singh, Head Clerk of the Subdl. Office, Jowai, Khasi Hills, Assam.

Kennebunk, Me.—Although the weather on Easter Sunday was hardly that which would characterize the ideal Easter, the day was celebrated with the customary services at the First Parish. The church was bright with blossoming plants and a profusion of cut flowers, which mingled their fragrance with that of the beautiful Easter lilies which adorned the communion table. The congregation was the largest that has been seen for years. The music, which was of a high order and in harmony with the day, was rendered with a degree of excellence seldom heard in the smaller villages, the sweet tones of the flute blended finely with the voices of the choir, and the beautiful zither response which followed

the prayer was listened to with a breathless quiet.

Mr. Prescott's sermon was one of his happiest efforts. Taking for his theme "The Universal Easter," he spoke of the various celebrations of this beautiful service in different parts of the world, dwelling upon the faith that life shall rise superior to death, and on the faith in immortality which was never stronger than to-day.

The sermon was followed by the communion service, which is always simple and helpful to all who participate in it. There was a large attendance at the Easter concert in the evening, when a fine programme was very satisfactorily rendered, the recitations by the primary classes being particularly good. The singing by the school, interspersed with violin and zither solos, was especially enjoyable.

The guild has been doing good work this winter, looking after its charities and holding its meetings regularly, with large audiences. The subjects have been well chosen, and a number of excellent papers written. The reading of letters from the students who are being educated by the Tuskegee clubs adds interest to the meetings. Two very interesting illustrated lectures on Egypt and Palestine have been given to the Sunday-school by the superintendent, and were highly appreciated by those who heard them; and the new song and service book has been lately introduced. The Women's Alliance keeps on the even tenor of its way, keeping up its class in the higher criticism, sewing for Tuskegee, and holding its interest in various ways. The Ladies' Society maintains its own departments of work and interests. The music furnished by "home talent" has been a delightful feature of our social gatherings; and, although "there are diversities of gifts, the same spirit" prevails, and all are working with unanimity of purpose along the lines of social and spiritual advancement.

The subject which just at present agitates the minds of both pastor and people is the need in this town for a Young Men's Christian Union, and it is sincerely hoped that the earnest and untiring efforts of our pastor in that direction may be crowned with success.

Madison, Wis.—The people's Sunday services at the Fuller, which have become so popular, will be continued until the summer vacation. At a parish meeting of the Unitarian church recently this was unanimously voted. The average attendance at these services is over twice as large as the church can comfortably seat, and the number is growing. The fact is a handsome compliment to the ability and worth of Rev. W. D. Simonds, who has now the largest congregation of any liberal church in the North-west outside of Chicago.

Neponset, Mass.—The Church of the Unity, Rev. George Herbert Hosmer, has been passing a season of activity in various branches of work.

The Ladies' Alliance has been very active, and, besides contributing to many outside calls for help, has, with the assistance of the Sunday-school workers, put $550 in the hands of the treasurer of the society. Many sociables have been held during the season, and have been well attended.

The Guild for Christian Culture has met on alternate Sunday evenings. The interest has been well sustained; and many fine addresses have been given both by the members and from friends invited to address the Guild.

This church has made its annual contributions to the Unitarian Association, to the Sunday School Society, to the Children's Mission, to the Norfolk Conference, to Tuskegee and other charitable associations.

Four festival days have been observed. The festival of Beauty in June, of Harvest in October, of Light at Christmas, of Life at Easter.

The Sunday-school joins with the services in the church on these occasions. At the festival in June children are presented for baptism.

The effect of bringing the children into the morning service of worship is good. A large attendance and increased interest are manifest.

The Sunday-school, though not large in numbers, is well organized, and is doing excellent work.

The lessons of the Sunday School Society on the "Teachings of Jesus" and "The Beginning of Christianity" have been studied with great attention, and the attendance of our teachers upon the study class with Mr. Pulsford has been good.

A class has been formed for a closer study of the life of Paul with the pastor. A very pleasant conclusion of our year's work is our annual union picnic in June to Lovell's Grove, when the Sunday-schools of the four Protestant societies of Neponset—Methodist, Baptist, Trinitarian, and Unitarian—unite and spend a very happy day together. This has been kept up for five years now, and seems to have become an established institution.

New York.—Deep regret is widely felt in the resignation of Rev. Theodore C. Williams after a pastorate of twelve years as successor to Dr. Bellows in the pulpit of All Souls' Church. Mr. Williams, who came to All Souls' as a very young man, soon proved himself worthy the confidence shown by the society in asking him to succeed Dr. Bellows; for, while differing entirely in type of mind from his great predecessor, he has quietly taken his place by the rare and noble qualities of spiritual power which he possesses in unusual measure. As a thinker in the fields of religious

philosophy, as a writer, preacher, and poet, Mr. Williams stands among the leaders of his generation. He has already done far-reaching service, although barely at the prime of life. His resignation is for purposes of study and renewal of strength and power, and, doubtless, opportunities of extensive influence will be ready when Mr. Williams can accept them. He leaves New York with the affection and good will of every one.

Newton Centre, Mass.—The people of the Unitarian society in Newton Centre treated their pastor and his wife to a genuine surprise recently. A pleasant church sociable and entertainment took a sudden turn, and the minister and his wife found themselves the special guests and the recipients of bounties that came out of full hearts and hands. Then the sociable went on even more sociably.

Saco, Me.—The joyous Easter-tide has again bidden all hearts to learn the lessons of hope and trust belonging peculiarly to its season. The customary service was carried out. Rev. Mr. Marsh spoke most impressively on "The Power of his Resurrection," and was listened to by a large congregation. A letter bearing an Easter greeting to his old parish from Rev. Dr. Nichols was highly appreciated. The sermon was followed by the communion service, at which all remained, no break being made between that and the preceding service, this being the way in which it is always conducted. At the Sunday-school the largest number were present for the year, and the amount of the Easter offering for the Children's Mission was most satisfactory.

The social circle recently decided to give a birthday party, the proceeds to go toward buying a new piano for the vestry. The matter was put into the hands of the young people of the church, and results proved that very capable hands they were. An excellent entertainment was provided, and the "birthday bags" that were showered upon the table by the door contained a most gratifying amount.

A barrel of clothing has been sent to Tuskegee; and the Tuskegee Club keeps up its membership and consequent support of the child of its adoption, the young colored girl.

The Alliance holds its usual meetings, at the last of which a paper, written by Rev. Dr. Nichols for the Alliance, was read. The subject was "The Study of the Bible by Children," and called out a pleasant and profitable discussion.—*Church Exchange.*

Salem, Mass.—First Church: The Unitarian Sunday-schools of Salem united in an Easter service at 4 P.M. on Easter Sunday. Carols were sung, and Rev. G. D. Latimer and Rev. H. C. McDougall made addresses.

—East Church: A devotional service, with address by the pastor, Rev. E. D. Towle, was held on Good Friday evening.

—North Church: The union services took the form of a 4 P.M. vesper service on Sundays of April.

—Barton Square: At the closing meeting for the season of the sewing circle and social gathering on Thursday, April 3, after supper, Mr. William Agge, in behalf of the parish, presented the pastor with $131 in gold,—an Easter offering in token of affection and good will.

Salt Lake City, Utah.—Easter services at Unity Hall were varied by a service of consecration of young people, consisting of a simple pledge of character and a responsive service with musical responses by the choir. Miss Cochran of the Arlington Street Church in Boston presented each member of the consecration class with a flowering marguerite. A congregation of nearly four hundred took part in the exercises, and the idea of enriching our service by the addition of this simple but impressive ceremony met with general approval.

A very valuable addition to the working force of the church has been made during the past month in the organization of a Unitarian business men's club, intended to bring into more intimate relations the business men of the congregation, and to secure their co-operation in extending the practical usefulness of the church.

At the annual meeting of Unity Circle last week the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: president, Mrs. V. M. C. Silva; vice-presidents, Mrs. W. E. Terhune and Mrs. T. A. Davis; secretary, Mrs. Clarence Bradley; treasurer, Mrs. E. A. Tripp. A new constitution was adopted, the chief feature of which was the placing of the practical work of the society in the hands of standing and special committees.

Much regret is felt in the society over the removal of A. Grothe and family to Payette, Idaho. The Misses Grothe will be especially missed in Unity Circle, of which they have been most efficient members. Miss A. O. Grothe is succeeded as librarian of the Sunday-school by Miss Emily Katz.

The library is still growing, and is becoming an important factor in our Sunday-school work, both in attracting members and in assisting in the educational work. Aside from individual contributions, boxes and packages of books have already been received from Unitarian societies in Dorchester and Waltham, the North Society in Salem, the First Church in Boston, and from Flushing, N.Y.

The Sunday-school has also purchased one hundred copies of the new song and service book compiled by Mr. Horton. Mrs. E. Amanda Swenson, a member of the original Swedish quartette, will drill the children in the new songs.

Scituate, Mass.—"Rev. Mr. Weed, pastor of the Unitarian society, is doing most excellent work, not only in the church, but in the Sunday-school and in the young people's meetings, which are held in Satuit Library every Sunday evening from seven to eight o'clock."

The above is taken from the Scituate *Herald*. Attendance at regular church services has been greatly interfered with by storms and bad roads the past winter. But, whenever the weather and roads have been good on Sunday, the attendance has been cheeringly large, the young people especially being on hand in good number.

The Sunday-school has maintained a hopeful life all through the winter, and is coming out quite strong this spring. Mrs. Weed, wife of the pastor, has succeeded in arousing much interest in the work of a circle of King's Daughters which she started about two years ago, and which has been steadily growing. The interest culminated the last of February, when they presented the delightful drama, "A King's Daughter," before a large audience. Many of these King's Daughters are very helpful in the church and Sunday-school.

On Easter Sunday the school gave a service of song in place of the regular morning service. A beautiful day, together with the happy songs and bright recitations of the children, cheered the hearts of the large congregation, and also cheered those who are working so hard for the church.

The young people have responded cheerfully and well to the pastor's call in carrying on the young people's meeting on Sunday evening.

A young people's society has now been organized, called the Satuit Christian Union, with the following officers: president, Miss May Prouty; vice-president, Mr. Willie Cole; secretary, Miss Lillie Jenkins; treasurer, Miss Grace Otis.

A series of lectures given in the church on week-day evenings has been well attended. The lecturers were all Unitarian clergymen; namely, C. F. Dole, Thomas Thompson, W. H. Fish, Jr., J. P. Forbes, J. W. Day, F. O. MacCartney, and W. Weed, the pastor. The expenses were all met by a voluntary offering at the conclusion of each meeting.

The Browning Club, consisting of ten members, met every week, and devoted its time mainly to the reading of some of Shakspere's dramas. Last week Tuesday it held its last meeting, and adjourned for the year.

Springfield, Mass.—The Sunday before Easter is known in our church as confirmation Sunday. On that day about twenty people united with the church.

April 5, Easter, was celebrated in the usual manner, the special musical programmes and beautiful flowers attracting many visitors to the services. During the morning service Mr. Gilman formally accepted the beautiful marble baptismal font, the gift of Miss Angelina Stebbins. The Sunday-school gave up their usual lesson to sing Easter carols and listen to a sermon story, after which the children carried home potted geraniums.

At the meeting of the Women's Alliance, April 15, Mrs. Theodore Brown of Worcester spoke on "Denominational Work and Opportunities."

St. Louis, Mo.—Church of the Messiah: Easter Sunday was a lovely spring day, and a very large congregation listened to Mr. Snyder's sermon on "Why do we believe in Immortality?"

In the afternoon both of our Sunday-schools met for a joint service. About three hundred children with their parents and friends listened to the Easter songs and an interesting address from Rev. F. L. Hosmer of Unity Church. On Friday evening the children of the morning Sunday-school had their Easter supper and business meeting.

The Sunday-school supports a bed in each of the Children's Hospitals of St. Louis. After paying the $200, we found we had $27 left. So it was given to the Mission Home to be used for the children's summer outing.

The home is in the crowded part of the city, and cares for only the poorest children. The sewing society of the Messiah makes all the clothing needed at the Mission. This year we have made 479 pieces, and have had 19 sewing meetings, having an average of 29 ladies at each meeting. The Church spends about $5,000 each year on the Mission, and it is very satisfactory work.

Toledo, Ohio.—The Church of Our Father: During the month of April the following subjects were considered at the Sunday morning service by the pastor: April 5, "A Human and Common-sense Easter"; April 12, "A Universe of Law"; April 19, "The Great Awakening; or, The Coming Religious Revival in Toledo"; April 26, annual meeting for the election of officers.

Yonkers, N.Y.—The parish sociable held on March 31 at the Woman's Institute was the largest and one of the pleasantest social occasions in the history of the society. The entertainment consisted of songs, instrumental music, and tableaux from Gibson's "Scene from Life." The audience on Easter morning was unusually large, the carols well sung, and the floral decorations very tasteful. Dr. James Bixby's sermon was on "The Power of an Endless Life." Two new members received the right hand of fellowship. Among Dr. Bixby's recent sermons those on "The Song of Songs," "The Unchristian Amendment," and "Spiritual Light from the Röntgen Rays" have been especially liked and noteworthy.

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